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REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mislike me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

CHAPTER THIRD.

HAVING gained the street, I proceeded with Rollins to our counting-room. There we remained till long after mid-night. I went carefully over all our assets. After I had left in the morning a telegraphic dispatch had arrived announcing the failure of another heavy house in New-Orleans with which we had business relations, and which at that time was largely in our debt. Under the shock of the astounding news from Europe, Rollins did not think to mention this at the house. 'It never rains but it pours,' said he with an air of forced cheerfulness as he handed me the dispatch. Rollins even then had no idea of the extremity we were in. He had learned to trust to me implicitly, and I believe he considered me beyond the reach of catastrophe. Therefore, when after several hours of careful investigation, I said, 'Rollins, the firm is INSOLVENT,' he looked at me with an air of amazement.

'My dear Sir,' he exclaimed, 'why do you take such a gloomy view of our position? I am certain the next steamer will bring intelligence that the Barings have accepted those bills. Read that,' and he handed me the journal containing the foreign news. I did read as follows :

'Corn bills to a large amount, drawn by Wise, Dreadnought and Company

NOTE. — Many questions have already been asked as to the identity of CHARLES E. PARKINSON and the existence of his firm ; and the Publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER has already received a good many letters of inquiry on the subject. The Editor of Mr. PARKINSON's memoirs takes this occasion to state in reply, that the articles now furnished by him for the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE are from the MS. of a gentleman well known in this city, whose checkered experience has eminently fitted him for this task of autobiography. More he cannot say, and he trusts the reader herewith will rest content.

on Baring Brothers and Company, have been refused acceptance by the latter house, in consequence of the heavy fall in bread-stuffs. The friends of Wise, Dreadnought and Company have interposed to prevent the return of the bills, with the hope of arranging for their acceptance before the sailing of the next steamer.'

'Surely,' continued Rollins, 'it is not possible that so powerful a house will have their bills sent back. It is a temporary derangement only; beside, if the bills do come back, they will protect them: they *must* protect them to the extent of their entire means, and we shall not suffer.'

'The house of Wise, Dreadnought and Company,' I replied, 'will stop payment in a week, that is, on the arrival of the next steamer, and they will not pay ten cents on the dollar —'

'How can you say so,' interrupted Rollins, 'with no data whatever before you?'

'Look at that!' was my reply, pointing to another paragraph, which stated that at Limerick cargoes of Indian corn had been offered for their freight and no takers. 'But,' I continued, 'all surmises are idle; let us prepare for the worst; meanwhile, not a token which shall indicate the least weakness or fear of the result on our part. I think it best, however, to tell you what we must, in my opinion, come to.' Rollins would not listen to the idea, and we shook hands at the door of our warehouse, our routes homeward lying in different directions, with the understanding that we should meet early next morning.

Since I quitted my house, clouds had gathered, a storm had commenced, and the rain was falling, with gusts of wind sweeping through the streets. I had neither over-coat nor umbrella. The last omnibus had gone up. Not a carriage on the stand before the Astor. I was left to make head against the tempest on foot. Ordinarily, exposure on such occasions braces one up to a fine degree of physical resistance, and produces rather an agreeable sensation than otherwise. But on that night I was supported by no such stimulus. I tried to rally, to bring my manhood to bear against the blow that was falling: I could not. Suddenly it seemed to me as if I was weighed down by a pre-science which could not err, against which no resolution was sufficient. I was cowed by it. The enemy were upon me, and my hour was come. To many who undertake to read this history, the account of my experience will present no feature of interest whatever. Such will be very apt to turn over the page in search of matter more attractive. But I feel sure that with others, what I narrate of myself will find a sympathetic response in their own memories. *They* will accompany me as I walked that night slowly homeward through the rain. Fifty years old; recollections of the past swelling within my breast; a heavy weight — that weight which poor humanity *must* sooner or later take on itself and bear — oppressing my spirit; walking slowly homeward a bankrupt.

'CHARLES E. PARKINSON AND COMPANY,
BANKRUPTS.'

I read the letters glaringly displayed as I passed along. Above, below, around I read them, until my head swam and I reeled, walking with difficulty. How

little do the majority of the world understand the sensitiveness of the merchant as to his credit, of his keen appreciation of the sacredness of a business obligation, of the horror which oppresses him at the bare thought of suspension. How little is known at times of his desperate struggles to sustain himself; of his days of incessant application; his nights of sleepless anxiety; his agony at the approach of the fatal moment when he must submit to the first protest. . . . My wife came to the door, for unconsciously I had reached home, and had mounted the steps of my own house and rung the bell.

'I thought you would be caught in the rain,' she said cheerfully, 'and I have every thing dry, quite ready for you. But you are soaked through and through,' she exclaimed, anxiously surveying me. 'How is this?'

'There were no carriages to be had, and I had some ways to go.'

'Never mind,' she continued, 'you are safe back. I began to be anxious about you it is so very late. But I have ready for you a good supper; there is still a fire in the kitchen, and you can have something warm if you like, or a bottle of your old wine. Which shall it be?'

'Let it be the wine; the Scripture says it 'cheereth God and man.' Let it be the old wine.'

Soon I had effected an entire change of garments and was seated at the table. With the sudden strain on my nerves and brain by the untoward news of the morning, and the evening's work, I had become absolutely exhausted in mind and body. I ate with the voracity of a famished man, and emptied the bottle of old Madeira. The food and wine had their usual effect. The stomach fortified, a gleam of courage lightened my soul, so that when having finished, I paused, quite satisfied. My wife came close to me, and laid her hand affectionately on my shoulder and said: 'Now, Charles, tell me.'

'I raised myself quietly from the seat, took her hand in both of mine, and with something of my old courage returning, I said, not in a tone dispirited, but with a degree of self-reliance, yet kindly and almost gently, so as not to break it with too much abruptness: 'Our firm will have to stop! I fear we are insolvent!'

'That is bad news, indeed, said my wife, without a shadow passing over her face; 'bad news, to be sure; and how it torments you! But why, after all, should it cause you such agony as I see it does? Remember what you have done already; and you are young yet, in the very prime of life, and I feel certain it will turn out better than you now think.' . . .

Precious comforter!

CHAPTER FOURTH.

I SLEPT soundly.

When I awoke next morning the sun was shining in at the windows. I opened my eyes under a complete oblivion of what had occurred the previous day. I suppose an eighth of a minute passed in this happy forgetfulness. Then, sudden as a flash of lightning, it came swiftly, smiting my heart, crushing me as with a sense of some fearful, undefined calamity—a *doomed* sense of impending evil. Gasping for breath, I sprang from my bed, unable to bear

the agony which had seized on me. I descended to the breakfast-room. The cheerful voices of my children greeted me. They were so happy to get back to their dear home again. Oh! yes, indeed, and various were the plans already formed for the coming season by Miss Alice, who had been teasing mamma for permission to go to parties. My youngest, as I entered, was singing with great animation:

‘OH! I miss you, NERTY MORE,
And my happiness is o’er,
And a spirit sad around my heart has come;’

and Master Charles ran up to me, exclaiming: ‘Papa, what do you think: I met Johnny Satterlee on the side-walk this morning, and he says his father has failed, and they are going to sell their house and move into the country. What did his father want to fail for, papa? You won’t fail, will you, papa?’

We spent a silent half-hour at the breakfast-table. Then I quitted my house and hastened to the counting-room. We read of the nervous consciousness of guilt, and how the criminal, still free, fancies as he walks abroad that all eyes are upon him. It was so with me that morning. When an acquaintance saluted me in the street with the usual free and hearty greeting, I felt self-condemned before him, as if I were sailing under false colors. It seemed as if I ought to say: ‘I perceive you know nothing about it; but, Sir, I am insolvent.’ On the corner of Broadway and Wall-street I met the President of the Bank of Credit. He stopped to shake hands with me and inquired the news.

‘You will have some pretty severe rubs, I apprehend.’

‘I suppose so,’ I rejoined. ‘What do you think of the situation of Wise, Dreadnought and Company?’

‘To you I will say they are in a very bad condition. I presume you are interested, but I hope not largely.’

‘Too largely for it to be agreeable. Good morning.’

A little farther on I encountered Russell. The last one in the world I should have wished to meet. I discerned him a long way off. As he approached he looked at me, as I thought, with an inquisitive, prying gaze. ‘How are you, Parkinson?’ he exclaimed in his tone of vulgar complacency. ‘Rather stirring times with you produce gentlemen, eh? I suppose *you* are all right. Mind you, it won’t do to speculate; I always said so. I always stick to my legitimate business (collecting his wife’s rents) and I do n’t fail.’

He passed on. As I turned the corner of Wall and William-streets, I heard the voices of two persons in conversation behind me. I caught the following:

‘Won’t Parkinson be a tremendous loser if Wise’s bills do come back? Can he stand it?’

‘Well,’ was the answer, ‘he had a good many of those bills; but I tell you his house is firm as a rock. Could lose seventy-five thousand dollars and not feel it. I happen to have confidential means of knowing they are worth a quarter of a million.’ . . .

In my intercourse with business men on ‘Change, I found the mercantile community greatly excited; discussing the probabilities of the acceptance or

rejection of Wise, Dreadnought and Company's bills; for on it turned not alone the fate of Charles E. Parkinson and Company, but of the old banking-house of Wise, Dreadnought and Company itself, and with it of hundreds of other firms or individuals. An old-established banking-house! What associations of stability and strength gather around its name. How the senior member is regarded as he moves along the street; how polite are bank presidents; how obsequious bank cashiers to him. And yet that man and his 'house' may have been actually insolvent for years, sustained entirely by CREDIT — by the value which habit, prescription and confidence have attached to his signature! In that year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven, one eminent London house stopped payment, and it was ascertained on examination that the concern had been bankrupt over forty years. Others failed whose statements showed that for several years at least, they had been absolutely worth less than nothing; each member all that time living in purgatory, hoping each season to recover the lost ground!

[Reader! whoever thou art: whether seated on some luxurious couch within reach of the satin bell-cord, which shall summon a servant to do thy bidding, a woman fair and beautiful, knowing not the sense of the word ADVERSITY, having at command *all* which thy heart desires; or some successful banker, or a well-to-do merchant or broker, hear me. Ye know not what a day may bring forth! Hear me! — *me* who in Wall-street for ten long years have suffered the agonies of the damned, who have experienced all that can belong to the lot of mortal man to suffer, who have undergone as much as humanity can bear — hear me, I repeat. The record I indite is genuine; and in this history of mine, called by my editor 'The History of Charles Elias Parkinson, (the history is true and the name assumed,) I shall lay bare what transpires in the business routine of New-York. I shall speak of evils which are potent and pestilent therein: I shall visit the counting-room of the merchant, the office of the broker, the cabinet of the bank officers, and touching them on the shoulder, shall say, I am not in your power; I am about to tell what is true about myself, and in so doing, I shall not spare you. Now to all — the fair woman, the sleek man of wealth, the banker, the broker — I proclaim the fact, that there is nothing which should make the position of any one of you assured for the coming day.]*

I suffered the torture of eight days' delay, during which time I could form little idea of what would transpire beyond my own conviction of an untoward result. At last I called on Mr. Wise, hoping to ascertain something. He was not in, neither was Mr. Dreadnought. The junior partner, however, assured me he *hoped* all would end well; but there was something in his manner which gave the lie to his words. I was determined to see Mr. Wise. After calling several times I did see him. I repeated my question as to the probability of the bills I held being protested. The answer was still more vague and uncertain than that given by the junior partner.

'Mr. Wise,' I remarked, 'at what rate will you settle these bills with me on the supposition they have not been accepted?'

* WHAT appears in brackets has been interlined by Mr. PARKINSON himself in the editor's original ms.

'I could not think of so uncommercial a transaction,' he replied.

'Mr. Wise,' I retorted perfectly calm, 'as a *commercial* transaction I will take seventy-five cents on the dollar, protect the bills and release you.'

The color rushed to the face of the banker till it was crimson. A composition offered to their house: the great house of Wise, Dreadnought and Company!

'I repeat I cannot listen to a proposition so out of the common course.'

'Mr. Wise, I will take *fifty* cents!'

The banker, thus bearded, made a motion toward his cashier's desk, as if to close with me, but checked himself and replied: 'Mr. Parkinson, Wise, Dreadnought and Company have not stopped payment; if they do not suspend, they certainly will not permit you to lose through them: and if they do stop, you yourself must acknowledge the injustice of their selecting your house and settling with you on an imaginary basis before a correct one has been ascertained.'

It was my turn to blush. I looked at Mr. Wise and I saw by his troubled eye, and a certain nervousness which, while he had sufficient self-control to repress, was in a degree manifest, that he was suffering from an agony of spirit much stronger than my own.

'I am wrong,' I exclaimed with some warmth. 'You must make allowance for my critical position ——'

'And for *mine*,' interrupted Mr. Wise.

'I see it *ALL*,' I answered; 'good morning.'

I returned to my counting-room. The steamer would be due to-morrow or the day following. It was a New-York boat, and the news would not be anticipated by telegraph. To me it was now of little consequence. My interview with Mr. Wise had settled the question about the bills. It was time for me to put my house in order; to see as near as possible where I stood. That had been my labor ever since I came back from Newport; but every mail from the west and south changed the aspect of affairs, bringing letters still more disastrous. My correspondents too had speculated on my credit, and had managed to deceive me as to the extent of their operations. I say, I returned from Wise, Dreadnought and Company to my counting-room, and endeavored in brief to ascertain what if any thing was left of the one hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars which on the first day of January of that same year stood to the credit of our concern as capital. My failure in 1837 was so much a part and parcel of the universal bankruptcy of the land, that I never realized in its utter and extreme extent the chagrin and mortification of suspending payment. In a general calamity there was a salvo to wounded pride; beside, I was at that time of an age not to be cast down or discouraged. The crisis of 1847 was more special; sudden indeed, involving a large portion of the community, but after all not so extensive, so prostrating, so *excusable*. Therefore when I sat down to examine what had become of our one hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars I appreciated fully for the first time in my life the force of the assertion: '*Riches take to themselves wings.*' What had become of our capital? that was the question. Of regular business debts due to us I had made in

our inventory a liberal allowance for losses. Here my account was not diminished. Quite as much had been collected since the first of January as I had calculated on, but we had suffered severely since then, by the failure of two of our best customers, whom we regarded as undoubted, and trusted to a large amount. Their paper had been discounted at the bank, and would soon commence to mature, and would have to be protected. Other debts which I still considered good, required indulgence. Some of these notes were also under discount, and for present emergency were of no more avail than if the makers had suspended. On this scrutinizing examination, this melting down of assets to ascertain really what was available, I felt more forcibly than ever that in such a process, all that one *owes* must be counted as so much against him payable in gold, and what one *owns* must be valued only at the amount at which it can be converted *into* gold. This is one secret of the mysterious melting away of a man's means on his suspension, and consequent loss of credit. So long as he is pursuing his business career his assets are valuable (because available) to him for their face; he knows how to use them to advantage, and to nurse what requires attention. When he stops, every thing tells against him; his weak debtors take advantage of his failure, doubtful debts become bad, and many good ones doubtful. I say I never *felt* before the truth of these self-evident business propositions, until looking carefully over my affairs the real state of things stared me in the face. The seventy thousand dollars of Wise, Dreadnought and Company's bills would all be back on us to take up within three weeks. *Several thousand to-morrow or the day after.* Lewen and Company's notes coming due Saturday must be protected. Ellwise and Company must have an extension or go to protest: discounted also. So must Dexter. Liscombe and Company had consigned to us a large quantity of gunny bags on which we had advanced our acceptances for not quite three-fourths of their then market value. This article had fallen with the grain-market, and was almost unsalable at one half of the original invoice, and Liscombe and Company had failed. With all this against us I felt that we might push through with entire loss of capital doubtless, but with a business position unscathed were it not for the blow at our credit consequent on our transactions with Wise, Dreadnought and Company. Our two banks I knew would not sustain us in face of the failure of that house, and unless we were largely, very largely, sustained, we were gone. . . . Rollins had left, too well satisfied that there was no hope for us; I had requested him to go to my house to dinner, and say that I should not be home till in the evening. No one remained at the store except the porter, who used to be in my employ when I was a successful silk-merchant. I bid him light the gas. I went resolutely over the figures again:

Seventy thousand dollars with ten per cent damages, . .	\$77,000
Lewen and Company,	11,300
Tighe and Lennan,	13,700
Liscombe and Company, gunny bags,	5,600
Other bad debts, (at least,)	17,000
	<hr/>
	\$124,600

One hundred and twenty-four thousand six hundred dollars nearly a dead loss, beside depreciation of stock and complications with correspondents. The slight per-centage which ultimately might be paid could scarcely be taken into account. Again, this sum was not only lost to me, but that amount being nearly all under discount and all going to protest I had the sum to raise in cash from my assets if I would preserve my credit, and that within a few weeks. I knew it to be impossible. . . .

I sat half an hour, my head resting on my hand; my thoughts busy, very busy. They went back to the period of my childhood. I am not a native of New-York. I came here from Rhode-Island when I was a young man. My early associations therefore are not of the city. My early friendships not here. I had no family ties here, for my wife was herself from my own native place. We had grown up together, and had journeyed through life in the closest sympathy. Thus, although I had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, yet I had not for protection the shield of FAMILY CONNECTION, which is so potent when adversity overtakes one. I often used to think of this, and almost to envy the lot of those who were surrounded by parents, brothers, sisters, cousins: a net-work of relations firmly woven around them. So I sat, my head resting on my hand, revolving the events of my past life. Thinking of my boyhood: how active and fresh was my boyhood! of my father and mother. How, after a life of honorable usefulness, they had gone to their rest. My father's salutary counsel sounded in my ears once more. I heard afresh my mother's tender advice. Well, I had worked hard. The battle of life had been a sharp one, and I had lost. I rose and looked into a mirror which was placed over the mantel-piece. There is a way of doing this quite different from the ordinary habit. Instead of the complacent or important or scrutinizing air employed ordinarily when before a glass, for the purpose of adjusting the dress, of confirming a satisfactory opinion, or looking after some little obstruction; I say, instead of this, go before it and regard *yourself* there. Ask the question: 'Watchman, what of the night?' 'Oh! there you are, met at last! what have you been doing, what *are* you doing? Dare you two look each other long in the face?' Thus, you see your soul gazing out at you through the two eyes. In this manner standing up before the mirror I was regarded by myself. There was a man who looked much older than fifty, whose hair was becoming very gray and thin. Care, anxiety, weariness, were exhibited in the brow and over the countenance. Said the soul out of the glass:

'Well, my companion, at last we have come to this, with worse before us.'

'Do not be severe: do not regard me in such an awful manner,' was the reply.

'You have not used me altogether as you should.'

'Neither have I spared myself. Do you remember how pleasantly we used to gaze at each other when we were young?'

'Yes; I do remember.'

'Let us try to be young again.'

'Impossible.'

Was it indeed so? Never to be young any more! Never any more to have a fresh, joyous, impulsive feeling! From this time forward to be chained to adversity till death should release me! Then I thought how I had omitted, of late years, to cultivate the *morale* of my nature: that part which should survive misfortune and calamity — my *manhood*! I had been too much carried away by the material success of the past four years. I had placed too much value on becoming rich. Yes: I began to see it. Then I thought over the list of my friends, what would they say when they heard of my failure? What would every body say? How could I look people in the face? I, who was regarded as so 'undoubted:' whose credit was 'good for any amount.' Would n't folks eye me curiously and exclaim: 'There's Parkinson, whom all the world thought so good. What a burst up!' By a strong effort I seated myself and tried to bring philosophy to my aid, and endeavored to regard my position calmly. But I could not be calm. A nervous feeling had possession of me. I rose again, again I looked in the mirror. I was startled by seeing the figure of a man reflected in it. I turned and beheld Williams our porter. I have already mentioned that he had served me in the same capacity when I was first in business. He was about my own age, and had by honest attention to his duties brought up his family comfortably, and beside placed quite a sum in the savings bank. He was remarkable for honesty, and was a very conscientious member of the Methodist Church: the trust we reposed in him was great. He was a favorite at our house, and my children really loved him. In short, Williams had identified himself entirely with us. This was the man whose reflection in the glass caused me to turn.

'Mr. Parkinson,' said Williams, 'I have no right to say it, but I see you are in trouble. I wish I could help: I know I can't. But there comes a time to every body under heaven when it does 'em good to hear a friendly voice; and my voice is friendly, Mr. Parkinson: it *is* friendly.'

I took the man's hand in mine and pressed it warmly. I could not speak. Williams continued:

'It is n't for me to give counsel, but if things be going wrong, I say if they *be* going wrong, Mr. Parkinson, take my advice and don't make a beggar of yourself. It's no use. Nobody will thank you for it. 'T an't honest nor just to your wife nor them young children. I know what you would say about your property belonging to the creditors. Now I try to think right and to be honest myself, and I do n't allow that any man has any lawful right to make a pauper of himself, because then he has no power to help himself or any body else. If you want to pay all off, you must n't put yourself where you can't earn any thing. There was poor Mr. Hazlewood who failed last year. You remember the auction at his house; he would have every thing sold; then he took a small tenement at Harlem; he died last Monday; broke his heart; tried to get into business again; could n't get credit; those who used to sell him said: 'We have got our pay, we won't risk any more.' So it clean broke his heart. I attended his funeral yesterday; leaves a wife and six children. God knows what they will do.'

'Thank you, Williams, thank you. We shall see and endeavor to do for the best.'

'Don't think me too plain-spoken,' said Williams. 'I could n't help it, it *would* come out. Shall we lock up, Sir?'

The good creature did not want me to stay longer in my dismal solitude.

'Yes; lock up, and bring my letters to the house early in the morning.'

'If those bills should after all turn out right!' I said to myself as I walked up the street. The very thought caused my heart to beat quick. It was a glimpse back into the heaven from which I had been thrust out.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE steamer was in. Wise, Dreadnought and Company's bills returned. A panic in Wall-street. A card from Wise, Dreadnought and Company announcing that they deemed it best to suspend from prudential motives, hoped it would be but temporary, and so forth. Some were led by it still to have confidence that the house would go on; but I knew it was only to soften the fall. I had passed through my panic. Now that the blow had fallen, my spirit had recovered its natural tone and vigor. I was no longer cowed by a slavish apprehension. I had gone to protest. None but the merchant, proud and sensitive of his credit, can properly appreciate the intense agony which reaches its acmé as three o'clock approaches, after which, when all is over, comes a sensation of relief and relaxation.

I had determined what course to pursue. Looking carefully again and again at our exact situation, it seemed to me if I could have the control of my own affairs I might possibly pay our debts in full, of course with the entire loss of our capital. I determined therefore to prepare a clear statement and submit it to my creditors, and after showing them exactly our position to request them to take seventy-five cents on the dollar, reasonably extending time for payment of that sum by installments. I would add my honorable assurance to all, that if my life was spared it was my intention to pay in full.

If you would test the different natures and dispositions and temperaments of men, go around among creditors of the same person seeking for a compromise, either on your own account or for a friend. After preparing myself carefully, I undertook the task. I had first to overcome with nearly every one the idea that I was worth at least a quarter of a million, and where was it? It was a *prima-facie* case of some improper or reckless management, for the 'mercantile agency' reported me worth that amount, and it was very accurate authority. It never occurred to these good people that here was an instance where the mercantile agency was *not* accurate. However, I will not say that this proved a serious impediment. My accounts were very clear, my course of business legitimate, my conduct irreproachable, and these did carry conviction along with them. I was frank too in stating that I hoped to save something to work with beyond the seventy-five cents offered, and I believed it was better for my creditors as well as for myself that I should do so, because if forced into an assignment I feared our assets would scarcely realize fifty cents. With the

necessary documents prepared I started on my visits to the various creditors. The President of the Bank of Credit assured me of the favorable disposition of the directors, and bade me rely on it there would be no difficulty with them. The President of the Bank of the World said nearly the same, but in a tone rather more guarded. He would submit our proposition, and he believed it would be favorably acted on. I went next to Longstreet and Company, a large tea-house, who held a considerable amount of our paper. This house I had known less of than any other with which I did business, although we had been extensive purchasers from them since we commenced. Their dealings with us were always conducted with a degree of formality, peculiar to the senior partner, and I dreaded more to go in and state my errand to him than to any other of my creditors. So I thought I would relieve myself by going there first. I found Mr. Longstreet in his private office. He received me I fancied with more ceremony than usual. As I proceeded to state what I wanted, his manner relaxed. He drew up his chair to the desk where I sat, and went patiently over my statements, asked some pertinent questions, and finally adjusting his spectacles with much precision, he took the document respecting the composition, and quietly affixed the name of his firm thereto, and handed it back to me. Then he said: 'Mr. Parkinson, our house are satisfied with the manner you have done business, and I wish you success in getting through; if we can render you any assistance let me know.' I left the counting-room of Longstreet and Company with a light heart. What courage those quiet words of old Mr. Longstreet had given me! How much might I expect from personal friends if almost an entire stranger had treated me in this handsome manner!

I went next to Chapman and Terry. I had not much intimacy with them either. Here both partners were in: both expressed great surprise. Did not understand how it could be. Thought I had a quarter of a million to fall back on; every body said so; could n't afford the loss; every man must look out for himself; did not believe much in signing off; thought I ought to get the banks on first, and so forth. I was despairing of making any impression on such people, for they declared they had not time to look over my statement; so I said: 'Well, gentlemen, I will call again when you are more at leisure.' Oh! as to that they were as much at leisure as they were likely to be these times; better make a finish of the matter, and have no more bother about it; and thereupon Terry took the paper out of my hand, ran his eye hastily over it, nodded 'all right' to Chapman, and without more ado scrawled rapidly the name of the house, and handing it back said: 'Good luck to you, Mr. Parkinson; get through as quick as you can, the longer you delay the more trouble there will be: beside, we want you for a customer. Good day.' As I stepped into the street my heart began to warm toward all the world. This effect was produced by the success of my two interviews. I could have hugged in my arms that formal old gentleman, and could have jointly and severally embraced the firm of Chapman and Terry: rough, grumbling, petulant, generous-hearted fellows that they were. Fortified with these two important signatures, I called on several other merchants with whom I had more or less diffi-

culty: some taking a day to decide, some wishing to see other creditors, some signing off at once. There was a Mr. Oilnut, whose office was in Wall-street, to whom I paid an early visit. He held our note for eleven hundred and fifty dollars. He was a rich man who invested most of his ready means in commercial paper, and had purchased this note only a few days before, and after our credit began to be weakened, at the rate of three per cent a month, trusting to information which he thought sure as to our unquestionable ability to go through.

Mr. Oilnut received me with an extreme of courtesy. Deeply regretted our *temporary* embarrassment. As to his little affair, he presumed we did not intend to include it in the list to be compounded with. I must recollect he had paid cash for it: hard cash.

'True, Mr. Oilnut,' I replied, 'but in so doing you made a much larger profit than the merchants who are my creditors, and at the rate you can buy notes now, you will lose but little by taking seventy-five cents on the dollar.'

'Tut, tut,' said Mr. Oilnut blandly, 'you are too hard on us. Cash in hand, Mr. Parkinson, cash in hand people must be expected to give value received for. You can't pay an invoice of merchandise over the counter, nor a bond and mortgage, and not always good stocks, but cash in hand—that we must have quick returns for and re-a-son-a-ble profits.'

'And do I understand you refuse to sign off?'

'Oh! no, my dear Sir, not absolutely refuse, certainly not. I was merely explaining to you the difference between my position and that of your other creditors, that's all. Beside, the note I hold does not mature for two months, plenty of time to arrange for it. You won't find me an unreasonable man, God forbid. You had better get all the business debts on first, and then come to me, and ——'

'But this *is* a business debt, Mr. Oilnut.'

'Well, well, we will not quarrel about terms; call again, call again, Mr. Parkinson. You will find me disposed to accommodate you.'

Thrice I repeated my visit to this man, receiving each time more encouraging assurances, with a suggestion that I should get such and such a name on before applying for his signature. On my last interview, having procured the name which he had the previous day requested should be obtained before he was ready himself to sign, I found Mr. Oilnut more bland, more sympathizing, more uncertain than ever. On due consideration, he did not think he should be called on just then. His opinion on the subject had undergone some modification: a *slight* modification. He pledged me his word as a gentleman and a man of honor, and he felt I would appreciate *that*, that he would not cause me the slightest inconvenience, not the slightest. He begged me to go on precisely as if this note was not in existence; when it was perfectly convenient I would arrange it, he knew I would.

By this time I saw plainly it was Mr. Oilnut's intention to be paid in full, and on the day his note fell due. The scoundrel hoped before that, I should be once more in active business, and could not afford a protest.

'Very well, Mr. Oilnut,' I said, (for I was now thoroughly indignant,) 'I see your drift, and had you told me plainly, the day I first called on you, that you

declined to sign off, I would not complain; as it is, permit me to say to you that I despise your conduct; and since you have appealed to me as 'a gentleman and a man of honor,' I will add that in my opinion you are neither.'

'My friend,' returned Oilnut, quietly placing himself between me and the door as I was going out, 'my friend, do you volunteer that as a piece of information, if you do it is stale: I have heard it before. Good morning!' . . .

'And has such a wretch any soul?' I asked myself as I walked along the street after leaving Oilnut's office. I had taken my first lesson in misanthropy: more was to follow. Could this be the Oilnut who had such a nice daughter; who was a leading patron of the opera; who affected the fine arts; who had dined at my house; attended my wife's parties; interchanged visits with us generally?

As I did not wish to follow out such a painful train of thought, I went to the store of Mr. Goulding, a personal friend of mine, who at the same time was a creditor to a large extent. His family and mine were very intimate; we attended the same church, in which he was a leading elder; our business relations had been always most agreeable, and particularly advantageous to his house. Mr. Goulding had been absent in Charleston ever since our suspension, and I looked anxiously for his return, because I considered him a judicious adviser, and one warmly interested as a true friend in my welfare. I knew he had come back the day before; so I hastened, after leaving Oilnut's, to call on him. He was quite alone in his private room. I was surprised to discover a certain embarrassment exhibited on my entering. He begged to be excused for a moment; was absent a quarter of an hour at least, and asked pardon with great formality on entering. All traces of the friend had vanished from his demeanor. Heavens, what a change!

'Very sad news, Mr. Parkinson,' said Goulding solemnly, as if he were condoling with me on the loss of my wife or child; 'very sad. I suppose you will be able to pay all? But it will break you up: yes, I foresee it, it will break you up.'

I was struck dumb, actually dumb. For a minute not a word was said. Then Mr. Goulding continued:

'Mr. Parkinson, we should consider all these misfortunes as a direct chastening from the Lord. Doubtless your worldly pride has been too great; your confidence in your own strength too much. The unsanctified heart, Mr. Parkinson, must be brought by affliction to a due sense of dependence. I have long felt that you have too much neglected the things which belong to your peace.'

During this harangue I was slowly recovering my senses. I felt like one bewildered, but I strove to retain my courage. I said to myself, I am nearly through; both banks have decided officially to accept my proposition. Oilnut to be sure must be paid in full: so my creditors themselves say. Two or three others take time to consider—courage! So, with a long-drawn breath and a settling myself out of my old position as this man's friend and a settling myself into the position of regarding him as somebody hard to deal with, I responded: 'Mr. Goulding, I have no doubt you are right as to my short-com-

ings, but you do not understand the exact position of my affairs at present. In your absence I have made great progress toward procuring an extension, on the basis of paying seventy-five cents on a dollar. Nearly all have signed, and I come now for the signature of your firm.'

'My dear Sir,' said Goulding, 'we cannot afford to make such a loss. You owe us over four thousand dollars. In justice to my wife and children, I must decline.'

'But our long and intimate friendship,' I exclaimed; 'surely for a thousand dollars you would not sacrifice me!'

'A pretty idea, to expect to pay your debts one part cash one part friendship! No friendship in trade! that is my motto, Mr. Parkinson,' was the coarse reply. 'But Parkinson, I tell you what it is, if you will agree *privately* to pay me in full, privately you know, and secure the *whole* by a mortgage on your wife's house, why, there now, I will for once waive a business rule and let friendship sway me from my duty; yes, I will for old acquaintance sake—I declare I will. Beside, I will sign the paper, and I will go to Screwtight and Company, and to Gripeall, and put you through there. You see I know where the shoe pinches. By George, you will be as good as new in a week, and we will be friends again, Parkinson, and visiting together, and all that; and you will go on just as ever. Will put you right too with the 'agency,' only, you know, shan't expect to sell you at first: you understand, not till you get all straight again.'

Reader! if you are, or have been in business, have stopped payment, have asked an extension, or have been applied to for one, *you* will appreciate my situation and will follow me in this narrative with a degree of interest; and so will *you*, lady, who are the wife or sister of some such one. You, too, young man, who are clerk for a merchant or banker or broker, or other business establishment, may and should find a useful lesson in what I indite. *It is literally what happened to me.* Read it as a true experience. Tell me, each of you, what was my duty under the tempting offer of Mr. Goulding? *It was tempting.* By accepting it, I secured the services of an adroit and influential merchant, and it probably would insure the success of my plans. It was only paying him a thousand dollars more, secured, to be sure, beyond peradventure—for my wife's house could not fail to bring four thousand dollars above the mortgage. Do you wonder I hesitated? I did hesitate; but the image of HONEST Mr. Longstreet rose before me; Chapman and Perry, too, I saw with their bluff but genuine sympathy, and other creditors who trusted me, all of whom had signed on condition that the rest should join on the same terms. Perhaps I made a mistake; but in this hour of my greatest need and misery, I have never regretted it. I REFUSED, peremptorily refused Goulding's offer—peremptorily but calmly, nay, mildly. I had still hopes to bring him to my views. I explained to him how I could not honorably accede to his request; that I believed I should pay *all* in full, and that at an early day, and so forth.

It was of no use. He was like adamant, and I left him; as it was late in the afternoon, I went directly home. I had nearly finished my dinner when

there was a ring at the door, and the servant announced that a man wanted to see me. What was his name? The servant did not know; the man refused to give it. I felt nervous; so directing him to ask the person into the library, I hastily finished and went in to see him. I found, seated in an audacious, self-possessed posture, a large, coarse-featured, self-sufficient, overbearing looking fellow, perhaps thirty years old, with heavy black hair and whiskers, and insolent swagger and domineering air.

'This is Charles E. Parkinson, I presume,' he said in a coarse, loud tone as I entered.

'It is,' was my reply.

'And I am John Bulldog, Attorney at Law!'

N O R A M c C A R T Y .

BY T. BAILEY ALDRICH.

(*Irish Air.*)

I.

NORA is pretty,
 NORA is witty,
 Witty and pretty as pretty can be!
 She's the completest
 Of girls, and the neatest,
 The brightest and sweetest:
 But she's not for me!
 Mavourneen.

II.

NORA, be still, you!
 NORA, why will you
 Be witty and pretty as pretty can be,
 So strong and so slender,
 So haughty and tender,
 So sweet in your splendor—
 And yet not for me?
 Mavourneen.

D O N I Z E T T I

AND THE ITALIAN SCHOOL SINCE ROSSINI.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SCUDO BY RICHARD G. WHITE.

IN the spring of 1848 the Art of Music suffered a sad loss in the death of Donizetti at Bergamo. The composer of 'Anna Bolena,' 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' 'La Favorite,' 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' 'Don Pasquale,' and of so many other light and charming scores, which have been translated into all the languages and sung in all the theatres of Europe, fell asleep, wearied with his labors, consumed by poetic fire, and perhaps also by excess of pleasure, in the prime of his life and the vigor of his talent.

Donizetti belongs to that generation of dramatic composers which became seized of the Italian stage after Rossini put a seal upon the lips of his genius. He who sung 'Lucia,' Bellini, Mercadante, Pacini and Monsieur Verdi, form a group of gifted men who have divided public attention from the day when the master of 'Pesaro' disdainfully threw down the pen with which he had written his last sublime master-piece, 'Guillaume Tell.' What is the nature of the musical movement which has taken place in Italy during the last thirty years? What is the significance of Donizetti's labors? by what traits is he distinguished from his rivals? what place does he occupy in the history of the Art? These are the different questions the solution of which we are about to attempt.

GAETANO DONIZETTI was born in 1798 in the town of Bergamo, upon the territory of the ancient republic of Venice. This town is also celebrated as having given birth to many great singers, among whom the elder David and Rubini are eminent. The son of a petty official, who had for the maintenance of a numerous family only the emoluments of his place, Donizetti nevertheless received an excellent education. His vocation to the arts was early shown; but, singularly enough, it was not music which first absorbed his earnest soul. Donizetti wished to be an architect: his love of drawing was a passion which he did not cease to gratify during his whole life, and with exceeding taste and success. His father, on the other hand, had desired him to embrace the profession of the law, as the surest road to competence and consideration. There was, consequently, one of those fruitful contests between the instinct of nature and paternal authority which so often darken the youthful days of great artists; as if PROVIDENCE would prepare them for the combats which await them in the conquest of the ideal. After some resistance, Donizetti finally received permission to follow the bent of his inclinations. He learned the elements of music in an institute of his native town, which was founded on the eighteenth of March, 1805, and which was reorganized on the third of July, 1811, under the direction of Jean Simon Mayer. Mayer, a distinguished dramatic composer, who then enjoyed a great reputation, initiated the young Donizetti into

the first secrets of harmony. He gave him lessons in accompaniment; he taught him to understand and enjoy the works of the great masters; he loosened his tongue and led him to imp the wings of his imagination. Thus prepared by the practical and salutary counsels of this eminent man, whom Donizetti always venerated as a father, and with whom he never ceased to maintain the most affectionate relations, he went to Bologna to perfect his musical education under the Abbé Mattei.

Stanislas Mattei, an old monk of that order of Cordeliers called Minor Conventuals, preserved in the musical school of Bologna, the traditions of Father Martini, whose favored pupil he had been. This Father Martini, who has left us a 'History of Music' and highly esteemed works upon the theory of the art, was one of the most learned musicians of the eighteenth century. He was for fifty-nine years *maitre de chapelle* of the Church of St. Francis in Bologna, where he founded a school which became celebrated for the soundness of its doctrines, in witness of which there is the great number of excellent professors whom it has sent forth. Father Martini enjoyed a European reputation: he was in correspondence with the greatest personages of his time, such as Frederic the Second, King of Prussia, and Pope Clement the Fourteenth. The most learned men and the most illustrious composers consulted him with deference, and rested upon the authority of his decisions, as Gluck did upon an important occasion. Father Martini, who died full of years on the fourth of August, 1784, had also the honor to bless and crown the marvellous infancy of Mozart. The author of 'Don Giovanni' was fourteen years old when he received, in 1770, from the hands of this venerable professor the diploma of membership of the Philharmonic Academy of Bologna.

After the suppression of the convents in Italy, in the year 1798, the Abbé Mattei, who had received from his master all the good old traditions, was reduced to living in retirement with his aged mother, giving lessons in musical composition. His instructions soon became celebrated. A town lyceum of music having been established in Bologna in 1804, the Abbé Mattei was nominated professor of counterpoint. It was in this institution, and under the excellent discipline of Mattei, that a great number of the celebrated composers of our century were educated: Pilotti, Tesei, Tadolini, Morlacchi, Pacini, Rossini and Donizetti. It is confidently stated, that after his return to Bologna, Rossini devoted a part of his leisure to a revival of the studies of a school which had been the cradle of his genius. Thus, at an interval of thirty years, there were seen at Bologna, bowing before the ministers of tradition, those two marvellous children, predestined to astonish the world and win places in the history of art as the creators, the one of 'Le Nozze de Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni,' the other of 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia' and 'Guillaume Tell.'

In 1815 Donizetti also went to Bologna. Rossini had gone away many years before, and his 'Tancredi' had already made his name popular. After three years of study Donizetti also launched forth on his career, and made his debut at Venice in 1818 by an opera, entitled 'Enrico di Borgogna,' which was favorably received. In 1822 he wrote at Rome 'Zoraïde de Grenata,' and owed to the brilliant success of that work his exemption from conscription as

an Austrian subject. He travelled thus through different towns of Italy successively, improvising every where new scores with that incredible facility which is possessed by the majority of his countrymen; a facility which brings forth sometimes an immortal master-piece, like Paesiello's 'Nina' and Cimarosa's 'Matrimonio Segreto,' but which in most cases only enervates natures less richly endowed.

In 1831 Donizetti, finding himself at Milan at the same time with Madame Pasta, Rubini and Galli, composed the opera 'Anna Bolena' for these three celebrated virtuosos — a work which marked an epoch in the development of his talent. It achieved a great success, in spite of the presence of Bellini and the enthusiasm which had been excited by his little master-piece 'La Sonambula,' also recently written for Pasta and Rubini. Donizetti and Bellini then contended for the crown which Rossini had just abdicated and cast away as an oppressive burden. In 1833 Donizetti was at Florence, and composed 'Parisina' for Mlle. Ungher, Duprez and Coselli — the latter an excellent baritone. He returned to Milan in the following year to write 'Lucrezia Borgia,' which contains some remarkable passages. It was in the beginning of the year 1835 that Donizetti visited Paris for the first time. Bellini had been established there for two years; and his sweet melodies had won the hearts of all the women. Donizetti had much trouble in scattering the prejudices which had been formed against him; and in spite of the real beauty which connoisseurs could not but discover in his 'Marino Faliero,' which was quite favorably received when first produced, that opera could not long sustain itself beside 'I Puritani,' which had been given to the world a few months before — in January, 1835. Bellini's master-piece had turned the heads and concentrated the enthusiasm of the dilettanti, and Donizetti could but return to Italy, leaving his rival master of the field. He arrived at Naples in the second half of that very year, 1835. There he had the good fortune to find ready to his hand Madame Persiani, Duprez and Coselli, three artists whose capacities he well knew. Provided with an interesting libretto, he set to work in earnest, and in the space of six weeks he produced one of the most charming scores of our century, 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' his master-piece, into which he poured the sweetest melodies which have flowed from his heart, and in which he developed the most brilliant qualities of his style. This opera, which obtained but a disputed success at its first representations, excited afterward transports of admiration throughout Europe. Duprez had shown himself to be a vocalist of the first rank; and it is probable that the large and severe style of this great artist exercised a favorable influence over the inspirations of the composer.

Donizetti returned to Paris in 1840, preceded this time by a great reputation, which he owed to his 'Lucia,' which had been translated into French and represented at the Theatre de la Renaissance. Bellini was no more: he died six months after having produced 'I Puritani,' and shown that his elegiac genius could speak upon a fit theme in profound and varied accents. Donizetti took with him three new works, with which he proposed again to attempt that fearful Parisian public, whose sympathies he had failed to touch some years before. These three operas were 'La Fille du Regiment,' 'Les

Martyrs,' and 'La Favorite.' 'Les Martyrs' had been composed at Naples for poor Nourrit, who had himself written the libretto after Corneille's 'Polyeucte.' The Neapolitan censorship had forbidden its representation. 'La Favorite,' which, under the title of 'L'Ange de Nisida,' was intended for the Theatre de la Renaissance, was awarded to the Royal Academy of Music, and a fourth act was added to the three of which the score originally consisted. Neither of these three works, which were produced successively in the same year, was received with very decided favor. 'La Favorite' itself, that charming score, which to-day is one of the most brilliant conquests upon our chief lyric stage, made its way but slowly.

After having for some months enjoyed the success of 'La Favorite,' Donizetti again departed for Italy. In 1842 he went to Vienna, where he composed 'Linda di Chamounix,' which was received with enthusiasm by that population of musicians, and which secured for the composer the title of Maitre de Chapelle of the Imperial Court. He returned to Paris during the year 1843. Hardly had he descended from his carriage when he sat down to improvise for Les Italiens the opera 'Don Pasquale,' the lively and piquant music of which one hears with as little fatigue as it gave him to produce it. It is said that 'Don Pasquale' cost Donizetti but a week's labor, which caused his pleasant remark on hearing that Rossini had taken a fortnight to write 'Il Barbiere,' 'I do n't wonder at that; he is so lazy.'

People were yet laughing at the buffooneries of old 'Don Pasquale,' which Lablache played exquisitely, when the administration of the opera, taken unawares, and not knowing how to get through the winter season which approached so rapidly, applied to Donizetti for a new opera. The *maestro* accepted the proposition with the characteristic indifference of his nature, and in the space of two months he wrote the enormous score, of 'Don Sebastian.' This opera, which contains many beautiful passages, failed with the public, no less on account of the libretto, which lacked interest, than by reason of certain accidents behind the curtain and an imperfect performance. The hasty composition of 'Don Sebastian,' during which the copyist took from Donizetti sheets yet wet from the pen, struck a fatal blow at his health. Coming out from the dress-rehearsal, he said to a friend who accompanied him: 'I feel very ill. 'Don Sebastian' will kill me.'

He then went to Vienna, called there by his duties as Maitre de Chapelle of the Court. Received in this city with much warmth by all who knew him, and particularly by the imperial family, Donizetti soon gave unmistakable signs of mental aberration. He returned to Paris during the year 1845. I then had the sad fortune to meet him often, accompanied by a servant, his eye dimmed, and his countenance darkened by an ominous gloom. They took him, in January, 1846, to an asylum at Ivry, where he remained until June, 1847. Having entered another in the Avenue Chateaubriand, he left it in September of the same year to return to his own country. On his way through Brussels he was attacked by paralysis, which returned at Bergamo on the first of April, 1848, and carried him off in a week, at the age of fifty years. The entire population of Bergamo attended his funeral, which was made an occasion of

great solemnity. The amiable and affectionate man was mourned no less than the eminent composer.

Bland, polished, kind-hearted, with a lively and a cultivated mind, Donizetti justified such sympathy as much by his personal character as by his talents. The Imperial family of Austria treated him almost as one of themselves; and the Arch-Duke Charles made him his intimate. The composer of 'Lucia' carried into his family the amiable qualities which made him sought in society. He ever cherished a profound veneration for the memory of his father, certain tokens of whose affection he piously preserved. Donizetti had several sisters and three brothers, the eldest of whom is superintendent of all musical affairs in the Turkish empire. He married at Rome the daughter of an advocate of that city, who died of cholera in 1835, after having been married some years. He had by her two children, which he lost at a tender age. All his affections centered upon a brother of his wife, M. Vajelli, whom he treated like his own son. A lively and delicate artistic organization lent a novel charm to his other qualities. Donizetti sang with taste, like nearly all the Italian composers, and devoted himself especially to the study of the mechanism of the human voice, upon which he wrote an essay, which he addressed to the French Institute. He accompanied to perfection, reading the music of others as he composed his own, with a facility quite incredible. Extremely sensitive to success, he always doubted his own powers, and anticipated a bad reception for his works. The day of the first performance of 'La Favorite' he walked in the Champs Elysees until one o'clock in the morning, unwilling to be present at the agonizing spectacle where the profoundest inspirations of his soul were exposed to discussion by an assembly of strangers. He was also the first Italian composer who refused to be present in the orchestra during the first three representations of an opera, a duty prescribed by custom from time immemorial.

The works of Donizetti are numerous, and consist of a heap of isolated songs, cantatas, masses, and sixty and odd operas. He left also, yet unpublished, a little opera in one act, and the unfinished score of the 'Duke of Alba.' Let us endeavor to appreciate the merit and discern the character of this brilliant and fluent composer, the maturity of whose powers was perhaps prevented by death.

When Donizetti, in 1818, took the first steps of his dramatic career, Rossini was in the plenitude of his glory, having then produced 'Tancredi,' 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia,' 'La Gazza Ladra,' and 'Otello.' He was about to enter upon the second phase of his genius, of which 'La Donna del Lago,' 'Mose in Egitto,' 'Zelmira' and 'Semiramide' are the brilliant manifestations. To be uninfluenced by the admiration which had been excited in Italy by such a succession of master-pieces, not to be dazzled by the splendor of so bright a sun, demanded a nature as unimpressible as iron; and even if Donizetti had been endowed with that powerful originality which assimilates all that it absorbs, he would not have escaped the influence which Rossini was to exert upon his talent. Indeed there is nothing more common in the history of the fine arts than to find the most strongly-marked geniuses commencing by imitating the

masters whom they find in possession of popularity, or at least toward whom they feel themselves drawn by a secret affinity of their natures. Youth is rarely original: it lives over again the sentiments and the ideas which it has imbibed in the family and the social circle in which destiny has ordained its birth. It is but slowly, and after the ripening influence of time, that superior minds burst the bonds which confine them, that they assimilate the elements on which they have fed, that they develop their individuality. Every man who has made an epoch in the intellectual history of the world, must needs have stammered in the language of his nurse before having found that of his own soul. Mozart formed his enchanting style by imitating, in his youth, George Benda, Emanuel Bach, Handel, Gluck and Haydn; Beethoven was inspired by Mozart; and Rossini has plundered half his contemporaries, such as Mayer, Paër, Generali, whom he has left far enough behind him, and whose borrowed melodies he has mingled with his own, instrumented in the German style. Imitation is a necessity of human nature. It is the act by which the life of departing generations is transmitted to those which arrive. Ordinary minds appropriate the ideas of the past and transmit them intact and with nothing added; while gifted men, by the action of their genius, make the heritage of ages fruitful. It is thus that progress is always made without dissolving connection with tradition.

There are two kinds of imitation, two ways of appropriating a thought which one has not originated: the one natural, which proceeds by inspiration, and which is the result of the common parentage, the consanguinity of genius, the other deliberative, wilfully premeditated, which supposes that it is possible to detect the secret of life and steal undetected the property of another, with which it seeks to glorify itself. The first is legitimate and fruitful: it is the answering of mind to mind, the intuition of the soul which assimilates to itself the inspiration of another soul, and identifies itself with it; it is in truth the perpetuation of races of intellect, the manifestation of a law necessary to the progress of the human mind. The second is fruitless and fallacious, because those who practise it follow to the letter the work which they wish to reproduce; and being incapable of emotion, they think to deceive and to simulate a passion which they do not feel, in imitating by artifice the language of love. These are plagiarists, who deceive no one: those are disciples who found schools. Antiquity has expressed this double phenomenon of imitation, distinguishing between the spirit and the form, by a profound and beautiful fable. When Prometheus conceived the insane project of making a man with a little clay and water, he discovered that the being which he fashioned with his hands had one slight deficiency — the same which also affected Roland's horse — it would not go. Prometheus was obliged to mount to heaven in search of a spark of life, with which to animate his cold creation. It is thus with plagiarists who are easily able to rob masters of the artifices of language; but it is only the disciple, the legitimate son, who has the faculty of reproducing the genius of his father.

The short and brilliant career of Donizetti divides itself into two phases, quite distinct. In the first, which commences in 1818 and extends to 1831, he

but imitated with more or less skill and success the ideas and the style of Rossini; in the second, which extends to 1845, without severing himself from his former self, Donizetti developed those peculiar characteristics of his talent which he added to the paternal inheritance. Among the sixty and odd operas which were produced by his fertile pen, the following are the most remarkable and the best known: 'Anna Bolena,' 'Parisina,' 'Lucrezia Borgia,' 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' 'Marino Faliero,' 'La Favorite,' 'L'Elisire d'Amore,' and 'Don Pasquale.' In each of these works there are some well-known compositions. 'Marino Faliero,' 'Lucrezia Borgia,' and 'Les Martyrs' contain passages in a noble and beautiful style. But it seems to us that the better qualities of the composer will be found united in 'Anna Bolena,' 'Lucia' and 'La Favorite' of the serious kind, and in 'L'Elisire d'Amore' and 'Don Pasquale' of the buffo style.

'Anna Bolena,' as we have said, was composed at Milan for Pasta, Rubini and Galli. The story of the libretto, taken from English annals, was perfectly adapted to bring out the characteristic qualities of the three virtuosos just named. In the first act we at once notice the charming romance, 'Deh! non voler costringere,' the character of which is so gentle, and the air which poor Anna Bolena sings, 'Come innocente giovane,' in which the memories of childhood, the tender return of a first love, and the discovered hollowness of grandeur are so touchingly expressed. Afterward comes the well-known air 'Da quel di che lei perduta,' sung by Percy, the queen's lover. The music which is assigned to these words,

'OGNI terra ov'io m' assisi
La mia tomba mi sembro,'

is instinct with a sadness quite heart-breaking; and the allegro of this exquisite composition is perhaps superior to the andante which precedes it. The adagio of the quintet is charming indeed; and in the stretta of the finale we find that happy disposition of the voices, that easy and elegant style of grouping them and of gradually increasing the volume of sound, which is one of Donizetti's merits. In the second act we must be content with naming the air, 'Vivi tu, te ne Scongiuro,' which Rubini sings so inimitably. Whoever has not heard that great virtuoso in this air, so full of grace, reverie, and passion, is unable to form an idea of the power of vocal art.

'Lucia di Lammermoor' is incontestably Donizetti's *chef d'œuvre*. It is the best planned and best written score that he has left us; that in which there is most unity, and which is endowed with the happiest inspirations of the heart. The introduction, in which the strong character of Asthon is brought out, is in a fine style, and entirely in harmony with the sad and tender drama which follows. The duet between Lucia and her lover Edgardo is full of passion, especially the allegro which has become popular. That for baritone and soprano between Lucia and her brother Asthon is also quite remarkable, and no less so that it recalls familiar passages, particularly a duet in the 'Elisa e Claudio' of Mercadante. The finale of the first act recommends itself to notice by qualities of the highest order. The sestet embodied in it is certainly one of

the most dramatic concerted pieces ever written. Can there be any thing more piercing than this phrase sung by Edgardo :

'T'amo, ingrata, t'amo ancor.'

Each word is a sob of grief, which stirs the very depths of the soul. In this beautiful sestet the voices are grouped with a marvellous art. Donizetti often reproduced afterward the harmonic combination of this admirable composition. The stretta of the finale is full of vigor. Who has forgotten the imprecation which Rubini launched forth with such fury ?

'Maledetto sia l'istante !'

In the second act we find again a very beautiful duet, and afterward the final air, which the dying Edgardo sings under the turrets of his well-beloved. Never have the chaste voluptuousness and divine hopes of a soul aspiring to a better world been better expressed than in this delicious air.* The celebrated tenor Moriani drew all Italy after this air, which he sang in a most remarkable style. In listening to him we heard a melody of Plato sung by a Christian soul.

'La Favorite' is not an opera altogether as well composed and as complete as that which we have just examined. In style it is very unequal: vulgar ideas often intrude themselves among the noblest inspirations, and mar by their presence that unity of design which is the stamp upon works of the highest order of beauty. The romance 'Un Ange, une femme inconnu' in the first act is touching; the duet between Fernand and Leonor does not commend itself but by the allegro 'Tu ma seule ami,' the sentiment of which is quite pleasing. The romance 'Pour tant d'amour,' which King Alphonse sings in the third act, affords an agreeable opportunity for the display of a virtuoso's power. The andante of Leonor's air, 'O mon Fernand,' is unquestionably in a severe style; but the allegro which follows, is but a mean cabaletta. The finale to the third act, as well as the chorus which precedes and prepares it, is vigorous and produces a fine dramatic effect. The dancing music is free and elegant. It is in the fourth act, written at Paris in a propitious moment, that the composer has recovered all the tenderness of his genius. The chorus of monks which opens the scene, 'Les cieux remplisse d'enticelles,' is remarkable for its religious character. The romance, 'Ange si pur,' which was written for a score left incomplete — 'Le Duc d'Albe' — is a ravishing inspiration. As to the final duet between Leonor and Ferdinand, and above all, the allegro which they sing intertwined in a passionate embrace,

*'C'est mon rêve perdu
Qui rayonne, et m'enivre ;'*

it is one of the most beautiful bursts of passion which has found expression in music.

The comic part of Donizetti's works is much less important, and what is more, much less original than his serious operas. The imitation of Rossini is

* We cannot allow this sentence to pass without pointing out its absurdity and the truly French character of its sentiment. — TRANSLATOR.

flagrant, and appears on every page. In 'L'Elisire d'Amore' there is, in the first act a very pretty duet between the charlatan Dulcamara and the young peasant Nemorino; and we have, beside, the finale, which is a charming composition, full of brilliant details, and marked by a sweet and graceful gayety. In the second act there is also a very pleasing duet between the charlatan and the lively Adina, and the pretty romance which all the world knows, 'Una furtiva lagrima.'

'Don Pasquale' is far from having the same distinction as 'L'Elisire d'Amore;' but it contains, nevertheless, two duets full of spirit, a charming quartet, and a delicious serenade which has become popular.

Donizetti's instrumentation is brilliant, sometimes vigorous, but rarely original. It is distinguished neither by a happy choice of quality of tone, nor by striking modulation, nor by the novelty of its harmonies. We see plainly that he treats the orchestra too slightly, that he writes too hastily, without giving himself time to arrange his colors and combine his tints. He understands to a marvel the art of accompanying a voice without fatiguing it; but he uses to abuse the formulas of composition, trite progressions, the crescendo, noisy and vulgar rhythms, and instruments which overtask the nervous sensibility, and intoxicate the ear at the expense of true emotion and intellectual pleasure. Donizetti was too hard pressed to live and to produce, to await in silence the happy hour of inspiration. Coming into the world some years after Rossini, Donizetti suddenly took possession of the realm of this all-powerful master, whose ideas and forms he worked over with a charming naivete and skill. The success of Bellini, who entered the field about 1827, made an equal impression upon him, and under the double influence of these opposing minds he wrote 'Anna Bolena,' in which it is impossible not to recognize the overshadowing reverie, the sad and tender style of melody which characterize the composer of 'Il Pirata,' 'La Sonnambula' and 'I Puritani.' Ripened by experience, in the full vigor of his years and his talent, Donizetti freed himself finally from external influences, and in a blessed moment he wrote a masterpiece, 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' in which he has united his happiest inspirations with his best style. All that he wrote afterward bears the impress, more or less marked, of that charming work, which is the fruit of the literature and the musical progress which manifested themselves in Italy after 1830 — that is to say, after the abdication of Rossini. This is the place briefly to characterize that movement, and to estimate the merit of the principal composers who aroused or have obeyed it.

When Rossini appeared in 1812, the great Italian masters of the second half of the seventeenth century had passed away, or at least, had ceased to write; for Paisiello did not die until 1816. Among the numerous and feeble imitators who divided the spoils and reproduced the worn-out forms of their predecessors, three composers of a more original talent disputed for popularity, Mayer, Paër and Generali. Mayer, born in a village of Bavaria, came upon the Italian stage about 1794. He acquired a very gratifying renown by three or four scores, such as 'Ginevra di Scozzia,' 'Medea,' 'La Rosa bianca e la Rosa rossa,' which are not forgotten by connoisseurs. An orchestration some-

what more careful than that of his contemporaries, a certain inexperience in handling concerted pieces, melodic ideas somewhat brief, but which lack neither brilliancy nor elevation, nor yet that slightly repressed tenderness from which there seems to spring a reflex of German sentimentality — these are the noticeable qualities in Mayer's operas.

Paër, so well known at Paris, where he died, a member of the Institute, on the third of May, 1839, was a musician of greater skill and more varied imagination than Mayer. Born at Parma in 1771, in 1797 he was called to Vienna, where he had the opportunity of hearing Mozart's operas, which made a great impression upon him, and gave him the taste for a more energetic and varied style of instrumentation than that of the majority of his countrymen. 'Griselda,' 'Camilla' and 'Agnese,' his best works, are the result of this double tendency of his talent, a sort of compromise between the German and the Italian schools. Generali, on the contrary, is all Italian. He had even then the spirit, the melodic brilliancy, and a little of that vivacity of style which were the lot of the composer whose precursor he was.

It was among such ideas, such sonorous, stiff, and in a measure, empty musical forms, which are not wanting in analogy with what we call in France the literature of the empire, that Rossini arose, full of youth and audacity, taking what suited him wherever he found it, because he knew how to assimilate every thing that he stole. His labors, equally numerous and varied, impress us by the brilliancy of their imagination, by the abundance and freshness of their melodies, by the vigor of the accompaniments and the novelty of their harmonies, and by the vehemence, the splendor and the limpidity which they give to the language of passion.* A genius eminently Italian and strongly imbued with the arrogant and sensual spirit of his day, Rossini broke violently with the masters who preceded him. He comes out of the eighteenth century as from a shaded and peaceful valley, advancing toward the future with the impatience of a conqueror. He seems like Bonaparte descending from the Alps to conquer the smiling plains of Lombardy.

The movement in philosophy and literature which burst forth at the fall of the empire, like a cry of liberty, had already begun in Italy about 1820. This movement, born of the spirit of independence, and of the necessity of reëlevating the ideal of human nature degraded by despotism, and the assemblage of strange doctrines, medley of religious aspirations, of recollections of the past, of sweet and tender reveries which came from that side of the Alps, like a breath from the soul of the races of the North sweeping over the worn-out civilization of the people of the South, excited a school of ardent innovators, among whom figured Manzoni and Silvio Pellico. Resting upon this principle, that art should be the expression of the true and profound emotions of the soul, excited by the recent translation of the master-works of Goethe and Schiller, the poems of Byron and the romances of Walter Scott, those distinguished men endeavored to impress upon the literature of their country a character more serious, chaste and reasonable, and to rejuvenate all the forms of

* I WILL not refrain from taking issue with M. SCUDO here. ROSSINI writes often with vehemence, sometimes with dignity, but never with passion.

poesy and the imagination. Music was not slow to follow the impulse of these spirits; and it was Bellini who first essayed to subject himself to this new transformation.

Born in Catania, on the third of November, 1802, Vincenzo Bellini went through his first musical studies at the Conservatory of Naples, under the direction of Tritto, and afterward of Zingarelli. After having obtained an encouraging success at the San Carlo by an opera called 'Bianca and Fernando,' which was performed in 1826, he was called to Milan in the following year, where he composed 'Il Pirata,' for Madame Pasta and Rubini. This work had a great success, and made the names of Bellini and his admirable interpreters known throughout Italy. In 1828 he composed 'La Straniera,' in the same city, and afterward 'La Sonnambula,' in 1831. This delicious opera, written equally for Pasta and Rubini, was performed at the theatre of Cannobiano, and excited the liveliest enthusiasm. Happy in so great and such easily-won success, he attempted to attain more grandeur of style in 'Norma,' which was the last character created by Madame Pasta; and then, in 1833, he went to Paris. After a short excursion to London he again came among us during the year 1834, and composed 'I Puritani' for the four celebrated virtuosos, who then were making the fortune of the Italian opera; that is, for Grisi, Tamburini, Lablache, and Rubini, his favorite singer. He died six months after the first performance of that charming opera, like a bird of the sky which has breathed '*l'ultimo suo lamento*.'

Of a nature fine and delicate, and a melodic genius rather tender than bold, more excitable than varied, Bellini escaped the influence of Rossini, and drew his inspiration directly from the masters of the eighteenth century. His affinities were especially with Paisiello, whose sweetness he possessed, and whose languor-breathing melody he loved to reproduce. This affinity is most remarkable in 'La Sonnambula,' the score which best expressed the characteristic traits of the young composer, and which might be called the offspring of Nina, filled as it is with the maternal sorrow. A musician of charming genius, which an imperfect education had but partially developed, Bellini not only found vent for his emotions in exquisite and original melodies, but also in striking harmonies, as in the beautiful quartette in 'I Puritani,' the best written composition which he has left us. His instrumentation, generally feeble, is nevertheless not without a certain character. He borrows for the most part the orchestration of Rossini, but sometimes that of Weber, as may be remarked in the introduction to 'I Puritani.' His works, lacking variety, and rather elegiac than truly dramatic in character, are distinguished by a sombre, restrained declamation which is the exponent of a real emotion, by melodies somewhat undeveloped, and which are without the luxuriant splendor of Rossini's, but which stir us profoundly because they are a genuine outpouring of the soul, and not the production of artifice. Born in a happy country, his childhood's ear enchanted by those plaintive melodies which the Sicilian shepherds have sung for centuries, his heart filled with that serene melancholy which is inspired by a land on which the sun lingers, by the vast shadows of the evening, and the far-stretching horizon of the sea, a melan-

choly the expression of which is found in Theocritus, in certain madrigals written in the sixteenth century by Gesualdo, but above all in Pergolese and Paisiello—Bellini mingled these innate accents of his reverie-loving southern genius with the mysterious and pantheistic aspirations of English and German literature, and thus formed an exquisite whole, full of charm and mystery.

The talent of M. J. Verdi, the latest born of the Italian composers, and whose operas are nowadays the delight of his countrymen, is of a kind entirely opposed to that of Bellini. Born in the environs of Milan, it is said that he learned the rudiments of music of an old uncle, a *curé* of the village, who exercised him at an early age in picking out chords on the organ of the little church in the place. His luck and experience did the rest. The first work which made him known was 'Nabuco,' which was performed at Milan with very great success. He has since written about a dozen operas, which have been received with enthusiasm in all the towns of Italy, except Naples. In the country of Rossini they sing only the music of Verdi. His strident melodies resound through all the public places. The composer of 'Nabuco,' 'Ernani,' 'I due Foscari,' and of 'I Lombardi,' which, arranged for the opera at Paris under the title of 'Jerusalem,' obtained but a partial success, unites to a disposition somewhat sad an imagination more elevated than fruitful. His ideas are not without brilliancy or power; but they are quite constrained in their scope; and, as he does not know how to vary their character by the art of elaboration, he arrives quickly at a mannerism, the sure sign of poverty. Verdi strives deliberately after dramatic effect: we see that he often devotes himself to it; and if he sometimes succeeds in attaining it, he does so only by a sudden and boisterous explosion which bursts from him, and not by a progressive succession of graduated effects in the style of the masters. He often abuses the unison; when the unison, being in its nature an easy and monotonous form, requires to be used with great discretion, and only thus when it is desired to give repose to an ear fatigued with an affluent harmony. It is thus that the skilful host of a hotel in the middle of a splendid banquet brings forward simple viands to refresh the overtaken palates of the guests.

Verdi's orchestration is at once noisy and empty, either too sonorous or too meagre. He affects to accompany the voice by the most vulgar instruments, such, for instance, as the *cornet à piston*, the excessive *éclat* of which, joined to the bouncing rhythms which the composer loves, is more suited to a masked ball than to a serious drama. His operas, badly written for the voice, which he puts through the most violent exercise, have had a fatal effect upon the art of singing; and his talent, wanting in flexibility and grace, and which lives upon the bad traditions of the German and French schools, must be considered the talent of a decadence.

As to Giovanni Pacini, the composer of 'Niobe,' 'L'Ultimo Giornio di Pompeia,' and 'Safo,' and of thirty other operas more or less known, he is but a facile imitator of Rossini. There remains Mercadante, a learned and skilful musician, but to whom HEAVEN has denied the boon of originality. Having also walked in Rossini's footsteps, and tasked his ingenuity to reproduce the

Bellini's style, we see him now emulating Verdi's gloomy glory. 'Elisa e Claudio,' his first success, remains his best work.

The character of the Italian school, it will be seen, is much modified since Rossini ceased to write. The influence of foreign literature and of new theories of dramatic art has excited composers in the land of Cimarosa to strive for the expression of violent passion, to neglect the portrayal of tender and delicate sentiments for that of the sombre passions of the soul. A sort of mysticism has clouded the serene imagination of the Italians. Their melodies, more serious, more profound and tender in sentiment, perhaps, are less elaborated, less brilliant, and of an inferior style to those of Rossini. The duets, the trios, and in general all the concerted pieces are designed upon a more constrained model. The art of handling a theme, and following it out to all its natural consequences by the linking together of episodes and modulations, has been neglected. Instrumentation has become coarser, and has no longer that amplitude and elegant variety which we admire in 'Otello' and 'Semi-ramide.' In the hands of the successors of Rossini the art of music is plainly degraded; and dramatic expression is impoverished, having assumed the exaggeration and the monotony of melo-drama. The Italian opera is now nothing more than a *genre* picture.

In the midst of this state of things Donizetti appeared. A musician more skilful, more vigorous, but less original than Bellini, with a talent more fruitful and varied than either Mercadante or Verdi, the superior of Pacini and all the composers of that order, Donizetti has a claim to the first rank after that supreme position which belongs to genius. He will be classed in the history of the art immediately after Rossini, whose most brilliant disciple he was; and he will live in posterity by his best work 'Lucia,' one of the most beautiful scores of our day. To characterize at once the nobility of his soul and the tenderness of his genius, it needs only to write under his portrait these words from the last air in 'Lucia: ' 'O bell' alma inamorata.'

B E T R O T H A L .

No word broke on the dreamy hush of night;
With clasped hands we sat, while steadfast eyes,
Drowned in each other's liquid depths, gazed through
And penetrated modest Love's disguise.

With kindling blushes and a timid grace,
She laid her queenly head upon my breast;
My hot breath fanned her cheek, hers came
Like spicy gales from 'Araby the blest.'

She crushed the sweetness of her luscious lips,
Upon the fervent throbbing heat of mine;
Our arms entwined, we clung in fond embrace,
And murmured, in one breath: 'Thine, darling, thine!'

J. H. ELLIOT.

JACK'S VALENTINE

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

AH! MAGGIE, would that I could send
To you some sweet and tender line,
To tell you that your sailor lad
Still claims you for his valentine.

But all around is lonesome sea ;
The unseen fingers of the wind
Clutch at the ropes and tear the sails
And heap the billowy hills behind.

Yet watching on the dismal deck,
Through mid-night hours so drear and black,
My heart still sings its valentine,
But who will bear the message back ?

Clouds scudding by the watery moon,
Go bless her cottage from above,
And shed from high in mystic dews
This lonely utterance of my love !

And you, dark Ocean, myriad-tongued,
Wave following wave with ceaseless beat,
Seek you the beach she walks at eve,
And lay my message at her feet.

Fly, white-winged sea-bird, following fast,
That dips around our foamy wake,
Go nestle in her virgin breast,
And kiss her pure lips for my sake !

Winds howling through the shapeless night,
Unkennelled hounds that hunt the sea,
Hush your hoarse voices to a song,
And sing the love that lives in me.

Tell her, ye all, through mid-night dark,
In heat and cold, through storm or shine,
The sun-burned, honest sailor lad
Still thinks about his valentine.

A FADED LEAF FROM THE 'FAIR RIVER.'

BY JOHN P. BROWN, U. S. DRAGOMAN AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is now more than thirty years since I last stood on the banks of the Ohio. How many changes have taken place on that 'fair river,' and in me, during that space of time! With what varied emotions I look back and along the narrow pathway of my eventful life; the varied scenes through which I have passed in the four quarters of the globe! I recognize, with a grateful heart and tremulous lips, the great 'mercy which endureth forever,' which has guided my wandering steps, and preserved me from harm, even in my erring ways; and, while this companion of my youth, and that elder friend of my boyhood, have been swept away down the swift current of life, I have been spared to return again to the 'fair river,' and standing once more on its loved banks to collect a few of the 'faded leaves' which, like myself, are tinged by autumnal frosts.

In this space of time, I have only had twice the satisfaction of visiting my native village. It is one of the earlier settlements of what was once the 'Far West,' and it has little increased in proportions within the period mentioned. Surrounded by dear old hills, blessed with a fine soil, an industrious and thrifty population, it is one of the most flourishing and happy valleys of Ohio.

On the occasion of my first visit to my boyhood's home, an incident occurred which I may *now* relate as one of the 'faded leaves' stowed away in the strongholds of my memory. Should the persons alluded to in them ever peruse these lines, they will not, I am confident, be displeased at my pointing a moral by the narrative of an event which has had so beneficial a result, so happy a termination.

On landing from a steamer at Cleveland, and seeking the means of continuing my way southward—in those days rail-roads did not run through all parts of the State as at present—a young woman, dressed in black, and bearing a very young child in her arms, inquired of me the quickest and cheapest route to —, the same place to which I was proceeding. She had heard me ask for a ticket to that place, and, with a hesitating tone, made the inquiry. Her youth—she was not more than eighteen—the pallor of her countenance, evident unhappiness and mental suffering, and her personal beauty elicited my attention and sympathy. Her infant was very young, I would not venture to fix its age; and, as it lay wrapped up in the mother's shawl, half-waking, half-sleeping, its sweet little mild blue eyes immediately excited my too great sensitiveness. I would add that the woman, I may call her the lady, was tall and slender, and possessed personal charms well calculated to speak in her favor.

To her question I replied: 'I am going there, Madam, and will 'be happy

to be of any service to you in my power. Have you taken a ticket and attended to your baggage ?'

After a moment's hesitation, her countenance showing evident confusion, she replied : 'I have no baggage, Sir, and I have not, I fear, sufficient money to pay for the passage of myself and child. Here is my little all ; pray do not leave me here among strangers ; and if you will add whatever is deficient in my means I will try and restore it to you when I arrive among my friends.' On uttering the last word '*friends*,' she repeated it, and added : 'Alas ! if indeed I now have any.'

During my protracted travels, I have not unfrequently been exposed to impositions on the part of both men and women, which, I must admit, have inspired me with a small portion of incredulity and suspicion for the tales of woe and misfortune suddenly told me without preface, or some previous knowledge of the party. On the other hand, I have a strong impulse, which leads me to offer any succor or alleviation in my power to the unhappy or the wretched, if they seem so, without seeking to know the cause of the misery before me. Actuated by this feeling, I begged her to take a seat while I engaged her ticket. On my return I sat down beside her, and handed her the ticket and the paper containing her little money. She took them from my hand mechanically, and pressed them in her own without uttering a word. She turned her face from me to the window for some minutes, during which the carriage moved on, and it was easy to perceive that her feelings prevented her from speaking, and that her eyes were filled with tears. During the first half-hour or so of our journey I advanced casual remarks upon the scenery on the road, which withdrew her attention from herself, and somewhat calmed her distress. However, now and then the prevailing feeling would come uppermost in her mind ; she sighed heavily, would press her sleeping infant to her breast, and then turn away her face from me.

Though unwilling from principle to intrude, either my consolations upon her grief or to seek to know its history, I finally ventured to inquire whether she was a native of —, and who were her relations and friends there : adding that I asked more in the view and hope of rendering her still farther service than from simple curiosity. Gradually she gained confidence, and to my very great surprise gave me her name, Ellen C—, the daughter of one of the oldest friends of my parents, and a warm patron of my youth. Her brothers had been my constant companions and school-mates ; their home had been my home, and my home theirs ; I had followed two of them in my boyhood to their untimely graves, and the memory of them is still fresh and deeply impressed in my heart and memory. One, the eldest, had since married, and gone to the farther West, and one only remained with the father. Even now, after the lapse of so many years, I cannot recall the figures of the two who died in their youth without emotions of the saddest nature. In later years, after my departure from my native village, I had heard that the mother had borne one more child, a daughter, of whom I knew nothing, and died in giving life to her infant. The loss of his mate had almost left the father, now well advanced in years, in a state of distraction bordering on insanity, and it was only by the

repeated exertions of his neighbors and friends to console him, and by reminding him that the existence of his infant daughter required his love and care, that he regained tranquillity.

Ellen C—— went on to tell me, without knowing that I had the slightest knowledge of her family and home, that about a year ago a young man from Montreal visited her village, and through her brother became intimate at her father's house. She did not mention his name. He was more handsome and attractive than, as is seen in the sequel, he was honorable and virtuous. He engaged her affections; she loved him with all the strength, fervor and confidence of a first love. Her mind was frank and simple, and she thought of no guile or wrong. The young man's business soon called him back to Montreal. Well knowing that her aged father would never permit her to leave him, for he doted on her, and that it would be hopeless to expect to be united in the village, even clandestinely, she lent ear to the Canadian's promise to convey her to his own home, there marry her, and this once effected, to induce his own parents to allow him to return to her village, and establish himself in business. She detailed to me the struggle which this plan created in her mind. Brought up without the care of a mother, almost in seclusion and ignorance of the world, and the wiles of evil designing men, she consented to elope with him, fully expecting to return in a few weeks. She left a letter on her table where it would be seen by her father as soon as he rose in the morning, explaining the plan which she accepted, assured him of her early return with her intended husband, and asked his forgiveness of the step and his blessing. As usual she kissed her unsuspecting parent good-night, and then, as concerted with her lover, met him on the way-side, where he waited for her with a carriage.

In a few days they reached Montreal, and she was taken not to her lover's own home, but to a room in an obscure part of the city. Various excuses were offered for this course by him, which to her simple and unsuspecting mind were at first satisfactory, but which soon failed to convince her of his probity and honesty. She was, however, no longer in a position to act with independence; and had no means either of writing to her father or brother, or of making her situation known to those who might possibly have protected her. She ascertained from an old woman, to whom the house in which they resided belonged, that her lover's parents were Catholics, and that she need not indulge in the hope that they would ever allow him to marry her. As the period approached for her to become a mother, he began to neglect her, to treat her even with unkindness; and when she ventured for the first time to expostulate with him for it, and for his deception, he told her that he wished she was back in her father's house. Whether or not her father and brother had taken any step toward ascertaining her fate, she had no means of learning. Her seducer's harshness finally grieved away her love, it became insupportable, practised probably in the view of getting rid of his victim, and after a severe mental struggle she determined, so soon as the age of her child permitted it, to seek her way back to her father's house. 'What I suffered,' said she, 'no one can imagine. Contrition, shame, remorse and despair filled me with the

most harrowing reflections. Ignorant even of my father's continuance in life, and knowing well the misery to which my false step and desertion must have reduced him, I thought even of putting an end to my own existence. Yet a sense of religion, and the presence of my innocent child, drove the cruel thought from my mind.' By selling her wardrobe, through the intervention of the woman of the house, she procured sufficient means, as she thought, to defray her expenses; and on the plea of taking a walk, left the scene of her sufferings. She reached Buffalo, and thence Cleveland, on her way to the southern part of Ohio, where my acquaintance with her commenced, as afore related.

What occurrence could be productive of deeper interest than the return of an only daughter, sinful and penitent, to an aged and doubtlessly heart-broken father! Here was a poor, simple-minded, deluded girl, crushed with the full conviction of her cruelty toward an only parent, whose whole existence had been wrapped up in the warmest love for his child; whose very birth had brought desolation to his heart, and deprived him of the solace and comfort of a wife, just when he had begun to need it most. Was he yet alive: would he consent to pardon and forgive such desertion? For the world she took no thought; her whole soul was bent on regaining the hearth and home of her childhood; to implore the forgiveness which she well knew she had forfeited; to hide her shame and repentance under the paternal roof, and devote her entire future existence to the innocent babe which lay smiling and looking up into the face of the heart-broken mother, wholly unconscious of the hot tears which flowed fast down her cheeks, more than one dropping on its little face.

I offered her all the consolation which, in the state of her mind, I could venture to express. Rather sensitive myself, and easily affected by the sight of so much grief, I will not attempt now to explain what were my own feelings. They form one of those 'faded leaves' which I treasure up in the store-house of my memory of the 'long, long ago.'

It was nearly night-fall when I reached my native village. Ellen's father resided a couple of miles from the village, and I engaged a light vehicle to carry her and her babe to his house. Believing, from the many years which had elapsed since the old man had seen me, that he would not recognize me, I offered to drive her there myself, and not to leave her until I could learn the result of her interview with her father. From some of the bystanders I learned that her father still lived, though quite feeble and bed-ridden with age. Even this first news occasioned Ellen much consolation and relief.

In a short time we approached the house. It was much changed from what I recollected. As a boy it had always appeared to me to be a very lofty edifice, and the hills which surrounded it quite mountains; now they seemed diminutive in size: such is the effect of time, and the means of comparison afforded us in after-years. There was the same orchard in which, with her brothers, I had gathered apples as a boy; the well with its long pole was the same; and the tall poplars before the entrance seemed but little affected by time.

Leaving the carriage with Ellen at the gate, I ventured in to break her re-

turn and communicate with any member of her brother's family whom I might find there. Fortunately his wife and children were there in charge of their good parent. With some embarrassment, I must admit, I broke the news of the penitent's return to the daughter-in-law, her husband being absent, and begged her to break it to the father. She at first hesitated, and said she feared he would never consent to see her; that her elopement had quite crushed him, and that he now seldom mentioned her name, except when in his sleep the memory of her visited him in his dreams, or his mind wandered, as it often did. It was then clear, she told me, that Ellen was constantly in his remembrance. Her cruel act had grievously wounded the respect of her parent and her sister-in-law, and it was only after I had related to her something of what Ellen had told me, assured her of her heart-broken condition and her deep repentance, that I succeeded in gaining her assistance. She at length consented to convey the tidings of her return to her father, and I waited the result with no ordinary feelings of anxiety and apprehension. On her return she told me that she feared the shock was more than he could bear; that he talked incoherently, now looking round the room as if in search of his lost child, while again he refused her admission to his roof. It was, however, decided between us that Ellen should be brought before him, in the hope that her presence, that of her innocent babe, and her tearful implorations, would procure her forgiveness.

On my return to the carriage, where poor Ellen awaited me with the deepest impatience, my heart was too full to permit me to say more than to bid her come with me. Taking her babe in my arms, we entered the house, where the daughter-in-law embraced her in silence. Then leading the way into the chamber of the aged parent, we all three stood by his bed-side. Never shall I cease to remember, with the freshness of a yesterday's occurrence, the painful scene which ensued.

Raising himself on his pillow, the old man, trembling with emotion, looked poor Ellen for a moment in the face; then falling back, he covered his eyes with his hands, and exclaimed in an agony of grief: 'Great God! is it possible? No, it is not her; I have no daughter; the child I once had has deserted me, and, covered with sin, can never be restored to me again.' His hand fell helplessly on the bed-side, and his eyes turned upward, as if to heaven, showed the struggle which agitated him.

Poor Ellen! Overcome with remorse and the most poignant grief for the desolation she had brought to her aged father's breast, she threw herself upon her knees, and seizing her father's hand covered it with kisses and tears. 'O father!' she cried, 'have mercy upon me; I am your own Ellen, a poor, heart-broken, sinful creature, come to implore forgiveness where she well knows she merits none.' The father evidently attempted to withdraw his hand, and turned his face away from her; on seeing which Ellen fell lifeless on the floor, startling the aged man with the noise, so that he turned again to gaze at the form of his fallen and prostrate daughter.

Overcome with the scene before me, I scarcely knew what I did or said. While the sister-in-law looked after poor Ellen, I approached the father's bed-

side and implored him to forgive his sinful, his deeply repentant daughter. I conjured him for the sake of the love he had borne for her departed mother, for that of his two sons, whose names I mentioned, and who had died in their youth, to say but one kind word to his daughter. I reminded him of the precedent of that dear SAVIOUR of repentant sinners, who forgave the erring woman, and in place of sending her away in grief and despair bade her kindly: 'Go, and sin no more.' These words seemed to touch the parent's heart, for he had always been a pious member of the Presbyterian church of my native village; and the tears which gushed from his eyes told me that I had not appealed thus in vain.

As he raised himself again upon his pillow to gaze upon the still prostrate form of poor Ellen, I embraced the opportunity to lay her sleeping babe before him, telling him that it was his daughter's child. Ah! then you should have witnessed the effect which the sight of the sweet infant had upon the old man's heart. Again he exclaimed: 'O GOD! is this possible: is this indeed my child's child? Merciful FATHER! this is greater than I can bear. Ellen! Ellen!' he added in a tone of the deepest tenderness: 'where is my own Ellen?'

As if the sound of her father's voice, in tones of affection and forgiveness, had been more effectual in arousing her stunned faculties than the remedies used by her sister-in-law, Ellen sprang to her feet, and in a moment was clasped in her father's arms. For a few moments neither could find utterance to a word. Ellen was the first to speak; all she could say was: 'Forgive me, forgive me! O my father!' and her prayer was responded to with: 'Ellen, I forgive thee, for the love which I have for thy sainted mother and thy brothers!'

I need dwell no longer on the scene of forgiveness. I sat down for a moment to seek composure before bidding the parent and daughter farewell. I never shall forget the look of gratitude and surprise which poor Ellen gave me as I told her my name — one well known to her — and pressed her hand in mine.

Many years have swept by since the occurrence which I have attempted to narrate. I have again been an absentee from my much-favored native land: a wanderer in the wide, wide world. Long ago Ellen's father was interred in the little graveyard within the orchard, by the side of his wife and sons. Her babe, which she named Mary, after her own mother, had grown up to womanhood, and married a worthy young farmer of the neighboring country, and resides with her mother at the homestead.

Some months subsequent to the return of Ellen and her father's forgiveness, an elderly lady, a friend of her family, having learned the part which I had taken in her return, wrote me a letter which I preserve, and of which I may now add an extract as a moral to my 'tale,' if so it be:

'Although not personally acquainted with you, I feel a pleasure in writing you these lines. Allow me also to thank you for your timely assistance to my friend Ellen C——, and to offer you the blessing of one who will before long follow her dear mother to the tomb. If we knew the amount of temptation

to which weak and confiding young females are exposed by wicked men, we would certainly have pity on them when repentant. Parents overlook the repeated sins of their sons, while they give the whole weight of their anger and unforgiveness upon their erring daughters. If mothers would receive back their poor daughters, when crushed under a sense of grief, remorse, and contrition, how many young women would be rescued from lives of sin, sorrow, and death-beds without repentance; and thus, restored to their maternal arms, enjoy the dearest hope in which parents may indulge—that of meeting them in the life to come.

‘That you may ever be happy, and be spared the trial of Ellen’s father, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend,

M. P. B.’

SONNET.

BY HENRY W. ROCKWELL.

A PECUNIARY CONSIDERATION FOR A FAIR CREDITOR.

‘Quosque tandem.’—Pop. Rom. vs. Cataline: Cicero, Dist. Att’y.

‘I.O.U.’—Wall St. Brok. Mem. Stk. Ex. et pass(h)lm.

‘Time, *how long*, is put in the *accusative*.’—Latin Grammar. Old Ed.

CREDIT.: Call Round Every Day, I’ll Trust.

DEBT.: Do n’t Every Body Trust?

THE rose itself *matures* by *falling dew*;
 And Day, the creditor, demands of Eve
 Her earliest *dews*, so I do not perceive
 But all things are in debt, as I to you.
 Streams *fail*, storms *burst*, and morning mists *go up*;
 The steadfast hills themselves at times *cave in*;
 The morning *breaks*, nor is it deemed a sin;
 ’Tis best, when *breaking*, to the eye of Hope.
 The sweet wind *sues* the streams, and they in turn
 Have their affairs in constant *liquidation*;
 There’s not a star in heaven that doth not burn
 In the full glory of procrastination;
 But the *attachment* you have *served* on me:
 How shall I meet it at *maturity*!

OUR OLD 'MEETING-HOUSE.'

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

MEETING-HOUSE—not church. That designation originated with the Romish hierarchy, and was continued by its elder sister the Church of England, and of course was rejected by the Puritans; our 'Old Meeting-House' in S—— has passed away. It is now only remembered by that thin congregation, 'the oldest inhabitants,' and in their minds it is associated with few pleasant memories. It was a huge unsightly edifice, without form or comeliness, built on a bleak hill-side in the geographical centre of the town, in the proximity of but one family; thus putting every other under the necessity of breaking the Fourth Commandment by making the horses work on the Sabbath day, which at that period was observed in our Puritanical districts with judaical strictness. A bitter quarrel between the agricultural population at the northern extremity of the township, and the aristocratic centre, 'the village,' had been appeased, by no means settled, by an arbitration which decreed this site. Instead of one party being made gracious and happy by a triumph over the other both were dissatisfied and discontented, and met weekly with an ill-suppressed hostility most unfitting the day that should be hallowed by peace and good-will.

That generation has passed away. 'The rude forefathers of the hamlet' sleep in peace in the village church-yard, and the bickerings and silly jealousies that bespattered and sullied their lives are forgotten. God forbid that we should recall them! It is not for this unkind purpose that we revert to the 'Old Meeting-House,' but to preserve the relics of Puritanical observances and rustic manners that are becoming irretrievable.

On every Sabbath morning the whole population of the town tended to the 'Old Meeting-House,' then Cromwell's church. The old Independent Congregational *régime* was our only authorized Christian organization. We had no stronghold for papacy like the stone edifice now in process of erection under the consecrating shadow of 'Laurel Hill;' no indication that the august Protestant Episcopal Church, (from whose ordinances our ancestors had escaped,) could ever exercise its ritual here as it now does at its 'St. Paul's in the very centre of our village. There were few Dissenters. A handful of Methodists might worship in sequestered groves; or a little band of Baptists might unmolested immerse their followers in obscure brooks. There were few scoffers so audacious as to shirk the Sabbath duty, and very few vagrants that escaped its coercion. On every Sunday two coaches, (there were then but two within the boundaries of our township,) wagons, 'one horse shays,' riders and pedestrians might be seen traversing the roads from north, south, east and west that conducted to the old 'meeting-house.'

Our way led over a sandy plain, and along the declivity of the hill which

the meeting-house surmounted. The road was narrow and without a railing, and the monotony of the day was not unfrequently relieved by the perils of restive horses and reckless drivers over this dangerous passage; and now and then the lovers of excitement were gratified by wagons upset, and their living cargoes rolling over the hillside, not always escaping broken limbs and scarred faces. The pedestrians had the best of it, secure from accident, lingering by the way-side at the 'stations,' under the broad shadows of willows and elms; and sure, like Charles Lamb, of coming away with the earliest, though they arrived with the latest. There were two 'stations' deserving grateful remembrance. Aunt Silla's humble dwelling, where the rich damask rose blossomed in luxurious profusion, and was freely bestowed on her favorites, who were invited to partake a less ethereal refreshment from a white earthen mug filled with home-brewed innocent beer — a most thin potation — but far superior, in our grateful recollection, to the Champagne and Chartreuse of these our latter days. Aunt Silla's way-side charities did n't stop here. We were allowed to pluck out of her little garden green stems of caraway, 'dill,' and fennel, pleasant spices that were helps to old women and children through the tedium of the sermon. Our last station was a clear cold spring in a rocky nook under the hill — a place worthy the shrine of a saint. There hung a tin cup from which we all drank, (we were not fastidious in those days,) preparatory to the dryness of the services. And even during the services wearied little urchins were often seized with a panic of thirst that could only be relieved by permission to go down to the spring, where they remained as if the curse of Tantalus had fallen on them.

The 'Old Meeting-House' was a hideous structure of huge timbers and rattling shingles, a most rude and unsightly building, that might have been modelled after a nightmare vision of some Puritan-hating cavalier; and oh! how it rocked and cracked and groaned complaining and threatening to our frightened senses through all our windy months. Nothing but the awful voices of a ship in a storm was ever so terrible. And how we used to look around in vain for sympathy to the *fossilized* faces of patient listeners; and wonder that the preacher could enforce the doctrine of election through a 'ninthly' and 'tenthly' when it seemed that we were all, without any election, condemned to instant destruction.

But the 'Old Meeting-House' stood, and our good old pastor, Dr. W——, preached in it for more than sixty years, while generations of the blooming girls in the 'singers' seat' exchanged glances with the 'tenor and base:' mated with them, bore children, and passed away.

There was one architectural peculiarity in the 'Old Meeting-House,' an abnormal arrangement, a crotchet that originated in the brain of an old bachelor, and by some audacious little jesters among the boys called after him 'the *Partridge* nest.' This was the 'high pew,' a long open box appended to the western wall, and elevated above the gallery. From this pew there was a view of nearly every member of the congregation. There sat, a sort of demonstrated independence of all social relations, the little wiry old bachelor himself. Nature

was too strong for him, and could not be thrust out of his heart. He avoided all legalized claims from wife, children and friends, but he bestowed freely the earnings of his diligent life on kindred to the third and fourth generation.

Beside our *par excellence* 'old bachelor,' and beside the vagrants who sat in the 'high pew,' because they had no rights or privileges elsewhere, there, in frightful *conspicuity*, were stationed the 'tithing men,' (called by lisping children 'tidy men,') the police of the church, whose business it was to detect the commerce of smiles and glances between the lads and lassies; and whose duty (it seemed to us their delight) it was to mark for condign punishment the lost little wretches who were betrayed into playing, or surprised into laughing in meeting-time: the phrase yet rings in our ears like a knell.

There were gloomy observances in the 'Old Meeting-House:' Puritan customs that could have been maintained only among a people to whom a pillory was an every-day matter, and martyrdom a familiar thought.

The solemn axiom that 'it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting,' colored our lives. Every instance of mortality was followed by a funeral sermon. The preacher at its close was used to say, 'Now the mourners may stand up!' and the mourners — there might be a multitude of them, or only two or three weeping trembling little orphans — stood up in the wide square pew, scanned from head to foot by curious staring eyes, while the preacher analyzed their griefs, dwelt on the character of the departed, and sometimes coolly and cruelly calculated the chances against them at the tribunal to which they had passed. We distinctly recollect one occasion when the 'pride of the village' had been smitten down; when her young companions, her pall-bearers, who looked as innocent as their symbolic white frocks, and the white roses in their hands, were warned to flee from that wrath to come to which their companion's sudden and unconscious death had borne her. But this audacious sentence did not come from our dear old pastor. His spirit was of the gentlest and tenderest. His heart, full of all charities, triumphed over his ecclesiastical creed, which circumscribed the acceptance of the ALMIGHTY FATHER to the few elect who concurred in the belief of the dogmas of his sect. Still through the ever-open portals of his cheerful heart came the sunbeams of charity, casting a ray of hope upon the darkest individual case. No bit of poetry was so dear to him, or so often quoted by him, as the old distich with which he closed his oracular remark at the death of some wretched outcast who had sinned himself out of all charity, but this good man's 'we don't know how it is with him; it is not for us to judge; he was not worse than he of whom it was said:

'BETWEEN the saddle and the ground
He mercy asked and mercy found.'

And yet this sturdy little preacher would prove logically in his next Sunday's sermon that none but the Hopkinsian branch of the Calvinistic family 'ever were,' or 'ever could be (his favorite limitation phrases) saved.'

Thank God, these dykes of dogma and bigotry were swept away by the potent stream of love that overflowed the good man's heart.

The stern discipline practised in our 'old church' — and we believe it was

not less severe in other Puritan societies — now lives only in tradition. Offences of 'church members' were never pardoned till the culprit, in vulgar phrase, 'walked the broad alley,' that is, till he made his circumstantial confession in the middle aisle of the church. This was the Protestant substitute for the confessional; and the greedy ears of a whole congregation were in the place of the one authorized priest, who, by the grace of God, might dismiss the penitent with that expression of divine compassion: 'Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more!'

We remember one poor old woman (the Aunt Silla of the way-side kindnesses we have recorded) who had the best of hearts, but the weakest of heads. She was a saint for the most part, and only a sinner in the smallest degree. She had a genial temperament, and was sometimes 'overcome.' The smallest and thinnest potation was too much for her feeble head; and self-convicted she 'walked the broad alley' so often that one of her rustic friends 'guessed Aunt Silla had a-most sinned out her seventy times seven.' We remember, too, a confession made in that old church, too solemn for a smile, too deeply tragic for tears, and involving consequences to which, even at this lapse of time, we may not advert. Death has a blessed ministry when its curtain falls over deeds that have rent hearts and dyed families in shame!

But the 'Old Meeting-House' had its comic scenes too, and one so grotesquely contrasting with its usual solemnities, that one can hardly hope for full belief in describing it. It was the custom in those old days, at the close of the 'term' at the 'Academy' for the aspirants for future forensic and clerical honors to recite poetry, speak speeches, etc. On one occasion, after a flourishing 'term' under a master whose taste or ambition inclined him to Thespian accomplishments, a play was to be enacted which required more extended scenic facilities than the Academy afforded; and the stage was transferred to the 'Old Meeting-House.' We rather suspect that Puritanic rule was already in abeyance, for no opposition was made to this extraordinary use of the sacred pulvius — and no desecration seems to have been suspected, certainly none was intended. The stage, with the 'stage properties' occupied about one fourth of the area of the church, and was erected over the pews and immediately under the pulpit; and the drop-curtain not reaching to that height, we, the younger part of the audience, who occupied the gallery and the *high pew*, had the advantage of seeing the practical jokes and artless preparations behind the scenes: the transforming of the fairest boy in the school, with flaxen curls, into the heroine of the play, etc.

Before this time, our good old Dr. W — had gone to rest, and the then incumbent of the place (who filled it faithfully) was betrayed by some blind and lucky misconstruction which we never could understand, into presiding in his own place, in the pulpit, at this jubilee.

The play, of all others, selected for this occasion, was Kotzebue's 'Robbers!' a play proscribed by the potentates of Europe; rather, however, we believe, for its tendencies to liberalism than to licentiousness. But in any view of it, this was a singular demonstration for a New-England rural district. Its tendency was somewhat qualified by an after-piece of a scriptural character.

We have no precise recollection as to the musical prelude: from the promiscuous nature of the entertainment, it may have been 'Yankee Doodle,' or a march from 'our Paganini,' the mulatto musician of the village, or there may have been an anthem from the school; but we are very sure that when the stage-bell was first rung and the curtain drawn up, we had, instead of the canonical prologue, a prayer, in which (according to custom) there were few of the striking exigencies in the history of the human race that were not remembered. With that all solemnity ended. The pastor had one or two clerical brethren in the pulpit with him. It was evidently their 'first play,' and they enjoyed it with the eagerness of novices and simplicity of children. As it was enacted, it was in truth 'pastoral-comical scene indivisible and tragical-comical;' and our clergyman, whom some of the audience thought incapable of the indecorum of laughing, laughed like a merry boy. Indeed he seemed completely, as the French might say, *illusionné*; for after the play was finished and the after-piece, 'Daniel in the Lion's Den,' was to begin, he made another prefatory prayer, in which he seemed to see in vision the miracle wrought, and the Prophet on whom 'no manner of hurt was found, issue from the lion's den.' To our open, disenchanted eyes, the boy who personated the Prophet, and restlessly awaited his cue in our cousin's square-corner pew, (for the nonce, the lion's den,) seemed quite safe, and the lion, 'an innocent beast, and of a good conscience.'

But all this was long ago. The tragedy and comedy of real life have filled a great space between them and now. Not one board remains upon another; not a shingle is left of our 'Old Meeting-House.' The hill-side road is grass-grown. Aunt Silla is safe from temptations and small lapses, and alas! her foaming beer-cup and delicate herbs have fallen into disuse!

A new church is erected on the site of that where the missionary Brainerd and the great metaphysician Jonathan Edwards ministered to the Stockbridge Indians.

SONNET: TO MY FRIEND FANNY.

I'm not in the romantic mood, and yet
 There would be beauty on this lonely shore,
 If watching here pale DIAN as of yore,
 I could the worst part of my life forget:
 For time hath had for me an edge most keen,
 And hairs will soon be whitening on my brow,
 Nor do I find upon Life's graceful bough
 The self-same fruit as fair as it hath been.
 O friend! whose memory is my boast and pride:
 Could she be here — of late our mutual joy —
 Now on this sweet night lying in the tomb,
 How soon with thee, the faithful and well-tried,
 Would every evil that doth life annoy,
 A nameless and forgotten thing become.

HENRY W. ROCKWELL.

AT SEA.

BY RALPH RANDOM.

THE yards are manned, the anchor weighed,
The snowy sail outsprings;
Merrily O! before the blast
Our gallant bark is bounding fast:
On Erin's shore I look my last,
Borne off on eagle's wings.

The land now sinks upon our lee,
Below the ocean swell;
And on we speed o'er trackless space,
The winds and we in furious race,
And leave behind a fiery trace,
Our onward flight to tell.

We're out at sea! 't is fearful — grand!
In awe I hold my breath;
Around is spread the watery main,
Above, the boundless starry plain,
Beneath, the planks my feet sustain,
Are all 'twixt me and death.

There's music, O thou mighty Deep!
Heard on thy boisterous wave,
When billows rise like mountains steep,
And round the ship in fury leap,
Then whelm at once, with headlong sweep,
The mariner to his grave!

There's grandeur in thy wakefulness,
There's beauty in thy sleep;
There's solemn worship in thy tones,
And solemn dirges in thy moans,
While wailing o'er the sailor's bones
Uncoffined, fathoms deep.

On, on we fly — dark grows the sky,
And loud the wild sea raves;
The muttering thunder fiercely growls,
The wailing tempest wildly howls,
And round the bark the storm-fiend prowls,
A demon on the waves.

The tall ship bends before the blast,
As bends the mountain yew ;
But bravely mounts the briny hills,
Though every nerve within her thrills,
As on her deck, in foaming rills,
Leaps Ocean's maddened crew.

Now quails the manly heart with fear,
Now bends the iron will ;
Bold, hardened men, on bended knee,
Now cry to HIM who rules the sea,
Who once on storm-tossed Galilee
Bade winds and waves BE STILL.

Then comes a calm — a weary calm ;
No breath moves o'er the sea,
The ocean seems of molten lead,
An iron dome is overhead,
And all around is cold and dead,
And still as death are we.

The shivering sailors crouch around
With neither voice nor motion ;
The frozen sails all stiff and stark,
Like sheeted ghosts, gleam through the dark ;
The bark lies like a painted bark
'Upon a painted ocean.'

At last the wind, the glad, free wind,
Fills out the rustling sail ;
The white-capped waves leap up in glee,
And dance with joy to see us flee,
With bounding hearts and footsteps free,
Before the welcome gale.

Long, weary days, with lingering gaze,
We watch the water's verge ;
A voice then falls from out the sky,
'Land ho !' the land, the land is nigh !
A little speck, its shadows lie
Half-hid by ocean's surge.

Oh ! welcome are those joyful words
To wanderers homeward bound :
They fall like music on the ear,
Like songs of home to memory dear —
The restless sea lies still to hear
That peal of gladsome sound.

And such is life: in calms now hushed,
 And now by storms o'ercast;
 How blest is he who tempts its wave,
 And finds not there a stormy grave:
 Who trusts in Him whose power can save
 When billows rise and tempests rave,
 And gains the shore at last!

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

SECOND SERIES.

WHAT became of the invention which some body made a few years ago of a *small* printing-press? By means of keys on the *forte-piano* or House telegraph principle, the operator could throw off his thoughts in type as readily as in writing.

Fancy the convenience of such a thing.

A reporter could take down all the speeches of Brothers Drill, Bore, Drum and Hum at the Annual Convention, *verbatim, literatim et stupidatim*. He only need learn to play the tune on the keys — perhaps in time they'd go of themselves — *stickle, stickle, stickle — dum, dum, dum!*

Those wild reformers who hope to introduce Intellect into Society, might do something by taking down through one evening the conversation of young gentlemen and ladies. Just imagine a man with stupendous nerve, doing what all the Jenkinsons from the great Rosenberg himself downward never yet succeeded in effecting. Tell you what, I've known phonographic reporters to try that thing on and come out short.

'Confound it all!' said my friend Chips Items; 'I've tried hard to oblige you, Mr. Sloper, but really I *can't* quite get such unjointed squaddling spudger down on paper. Why, a fellow *will* turn sentences into Something, you know, and put some sort of meaning into the begandered dribble. If you give a man thin soup and a fork to tuck it in with, why, that man *will* break his solid bread into it: he could n't hoist it out, You Know, if he did n't!'

Chips was right — a reporter generally is, on practical, common-sense, social topics. I've seen a good deal and a great many reporters in my time, and generally found them in, on the majority, and soundly posted on the market value of the popular Goose of the day, whatever it was. What Chips said of the impossibility of actually taking down Society chit-chat in all its unadulterated milk and rose-water weakness is true, and puts me in mind of the artist that Mr. Hone set to work to draw a penny plaster cat, such as the Italian image-men sell — cats mottled with candle-smoke; cats with orange

heads and scarlet noses — the kind that run loose in a Chinese paradise, after rainbow-colored rats. After trying to sketch the cat, Artist gave it up. *He could n't draw it bad enough.* He was so used to copying good truthful lines, and in walking correctly after Nature, that he could n't make an unnatural cat. It was n't in him — therefore could n't come out.

Yet it won't be till authors get the art of photographing word for word on paper, that we shall have books of much real account. The fact is, that the work is n't written now-a-days by any body, in which the literal language of *any* grade of society is to be found. My jolly KNICKERBOCKERS, *you* are about as hearty, sensible and natural specimens of readers as the world can show, and have the reputation of forming as genial a class of gentlemen and ladies as are to be found. It is down in history and on record that you make a point of reading the soundest and most sensible literature published. I'd rather have the opinion or approbation of the majority of You than of all the world beside, or any other man. Come now, friends, take up the very best novel of domestic life which you have in your book-cases, and tell me if the talk is really that of Real People?

You know it is n't.

The reporter can't take it down, the fork can't lift it, the artist can't draw it, you know, not because it's so twaddly or thin or badly moulded, but because none of them are used to the work, or have ever learned it. If you've any doubt on the subject, as I said before, pick up a book and sail in. Here you are. Lo! a girl of fourteen speaketh: 'My dearest papa, I do not know; I *cannot* tell —'

Uncommonly natural that, is n't it? It's *correct* enough, that we all know. But that is n't the question. Is it the ordinary language of conversation? Is n't it rather the Festive style of doing things, the Sunday Clothes of Art, or rather of the High Old Artificial? Is n't it the 'big Injine heap big Injine me got red blanket' manner, toned down to parlor limits? Is n't it Don Juan Tenorio of the Grand Opera walking under a full head of Gio-vanity, and a full spread of the newest clothes and the goldenest of jewelry down the Avenue? Is n't it? —

Oh! shaw!

My KNICKERBOCKER brothers and sisters, let's look into this thing a little. I don't think that any body in any class of society calls a dinner a banquet any more than they would a Banquo. The table on which it's placed is n't a festive board, except in 'literary language,' any more than meats are viands. Clothes are not generally termed habiliments. Even The Transcendental Tailor, George Fox — I do n't mean the one who made himself a suit of Untanned, and took to the brush,

'Clothed all in leather.'

Not he, but another man. Well, even the Transcendental Tailor, I say, do n't talk in his book about 'habiliments,' but holds himself to such modest terms as Garment, and only on great occasions rises to a Costume. Our coachman Thompson's the only man about the premises who calls a horse a Steed, and

our clergyman's the only individual who ever alluded to one as a Charger. But these are coarse and blunt instances. Poor Chips Items is guilty of them all, just as *you* would be, Brother Magazine Writer and Sister Authoress, if you had to write after midnight a couple of columns of nonpareil solid, hard against time and printers, (may be on the top of your hat,) and were driven to desperation to avoid repetition — perfectly satisfied if you could run out *any* kind of intelligible passable English. Baron Macaulay himself would have written just such reports, and made the tables groan with Manorial Hospitality after six months of reporting.

I said the above were blunt instances. There's a more subtle style of expression which is partly but not generally used, even among the most cultivated men and women in existence. Now you can hardly open a novel or any thing else containing dialogue, in which this almost natural but not quite style is n't found. I'm not one of your 'cute sort you know, nor of the educated, but I *have* sense enough to tell the true from the sham. So has the World; we can all and any of us distinguish in fifty ways between natural, correct and beautiful language and that which is (after the artificial fashion) correct and beautiful enough, but not natural.

To get back to the hand-printing machine.

If I could carry such a printing-press in my pocket, where I could print off, without being seen, every word spoken around me, I could prove to you, dear KNICKERBOCKER reader, that the man who writes the dialogue of any class correctly is about as common as a blue goose. Tell you what, it takes Genius to copy the common and the real perfectly. If it did n't, you would n't see our artists going out to Italy to draw Contadinas when there are better groups and characters to be caught at every street-corner. Any artist of tolerable ability, you know, can go to the land of ready-made romance, and paint a selling picture that we've all been Byron-ed and Shellyed up to admire this twenty or thirty or more years. But to do your own Byroning and Shellying requires the Great Master — the man who is so great that he can *really* flash-photo-graph and phonograph right from Nature.

There are many I know who *can* copy pretty closely. They wait though till they catch Nature in a theatrical attitude, or something like one, and *then* jot her down. It won't do. You must do the right thing in the right way. You must n't go about looking up 'picturesque' characters; you must take life just as it jabbars and vagabonds and sparkles and frowns and sings and swears and makes gestures and goes to sleep; and then by-and-by out of it all will come the real points of fun and of character. When you have fifty apples or fifty any things, you can easily pick out the best.

Oh! I tell you: that portable printing-press 'll be a great invention. Before it all sorts of dialogue as set down in the books will grow smoky, and silently cut and run, as Phebe Carey says. Got any doubt on the subject, hey? Well, let's see. In ordinary conversation if you can catch hold of one or two names of things in a man's talk, you can generally take in the whole sentence, and have no need of hearing him through. He knows this as well as you do, and don't expect very often to come to a period. Brokers and

business-men very seldom do. Only editors, politicians, low preachers and rural shiners, who try to live on the polish, expect to hear and be heard through all the adjectives and trimmings. Such people also as are always shaking grammar down on the smash, as Hiram says, can be reported very easily; in fact with three-quarters of them 'twould n't be hard to write down in advance all they would say in an hour, if you only knew what idea they intended to start on. Well, being so, you see that verbatim reporting would very considerably capsize all the present system of novel-dialogue. With life and life's talk as it is, rushing in on them all the time from all sides, people would n't and could n't for very shame keep up such an artificial institution as now serves them for discourse. Sir, in a few years 'twould all be as dead as dough.

To be sure 'twould take some time at first to learn to understand in type what we understand without a mite of trouble when we hear it spoken. But you've no idea, Sir, how quick you'll get along in learning your mother tongue when you once roll in on it. The fact is, and it's a very curious one to consider, an immense proportion of all the expressions we use in talking are little conventional clusters of words, and the instant the listener gets the hint he guesses the lot, and cuts in with his own little bundle. So, for instance, when Sim Perkins in his Fourth of Jury gets as far as 'Virtue, Lib —' — why all the folks know that — 'erty and Independence' are coming, and begin to hooray like Baltimore buffers over a free drink.

If this court know herself, and she think she do, there's an idea in this doctrine of most talk's being made up of certain sets of phrases and words, which it'd be worth while to work out.

One night when at the opera with Amelia, I was complaining that I did n't understand Italian.

'Twould n't take you long, dear,' said she. 'How long do you suppose, for instance, you would be in learning six hundred words?'

'About a month, taking it easy and stopping to lunch,' I replied.

'Well, then, in a month you could learn enough to understand the opera language.'

'Not the other books, I suppose, however, to say nothing of the house-talk and bull and bear dialect and legal slanguage.'

'Bless your heart, child, no. That would require a year or two's very hard work. But don't you see that in the opera it's nothing but 'O my heart!' and 'beautiful adored image!' *O qual piacer* and *sciagurata!* over and over and over again?'

'That's so,' quoth I Mace to myself. Six hundred words! Just and only I suppose. That's doing a big business on a small capital though, when a fellow comes to reflect what an amount of hooraying and hissing, fighting, spreeing and dying they get out of it. They certainly are an economical race these Italianers. I always heard it, and now I know it. Six hundred! LORD! why I'd have bet a sixpence that Brignoli and Amodio over there had used up the Roman Webster's Unabridged an hour ago, and got pretty well on into the Pictorial Worcester. Six hundred words; why, at seven per cent that

would n't give 'em more than forty-two ideas, to say nothing of taxes. Six — why it beats the What Is It, takes the blower off the Aztec, What Can They Bees, and scratches the varnish from the How Do You Find Yourself? Come now: I like this. But then if we come to facts, fellow-militiamen and brother trustees, yes, how it is with Ourselves? If they've got nothing but a rug, it don't follow that we all lie in feather beds, does it? as Uncle Benny used to say.'

On examining this toptic I came to the conclusion that the Italian Operators — as Mike Walsh thought of the French — were n't so poor as I at first judged 'em to be. I'm not one of your 'cute sort, and the subject (like this whole chapter if you come to that) was clear ahead of my scholarship, and any amount of Cannel over my Anthracite. But with the help of Natanela Séton I concluded that the average of men, as they run, generally keep a good way inside of forty-two ideas: even when they go at a two-forty pace. Only on the Amount of words they rather rag the Italians. On the ideas we about neck 'em; on the *copious verborum* we're a length or two ahead.

On this I constructed a grand scheme and a stupendous theory. Stand from under: 'the brix are loose!'

About half of all that's said or written consists of phrases, and even long sentences, which every body knows all through.

Now if we could only stenograph or phonograph these sentences, or be-reave-iate them of some of their needless relations, or sog them down somehow into smaller space, would not he who rendered this service to humanity, to say nothing of the better element of womanity, deserve, O KNICKERBOCKERS! some Enormous Tribute of Respect, a very large gold one say, with jewelled lid, containing a stupend-o-log-i-cal-i-nif-er: something check on the Chemical for some of its mint-drops or other drugs? Should not expense be in this instance made a Doctor of Divinity: D.D'd you know, or distinctly darned?

I'll make a start on it, anyhow.

For a flyer, let's take these expressions, and use their initials. 'Twill come hard at first, take some time, as the *Saturday Press* folks say, to get on our P. B., (permanent basis, you know.) But 'twould n't be much harder than crochet-work, or any musical instrument: and would n't begin with billiards. I've known a young gentleman in the silk and glove line to devote a good deal more time than that to learning how to pitch a quarter from the toe of his boot into his mouth; one day he swallowed it, by the way, and thereby, to his G. G., (great grief,) irrecoverably lost his two shillings; in consequence of which he staid at home four Sundays, for having turned himself into that amount of contribution-box; in consequence of which staying at home he lost his moral character; in consequence of which he became a New-York School Trustee: but decency forbids following this H. P. (harrowing picture) any farther.

Well, then, don't you think for a start that these expressions might be shook down considerably shorter? Look:

All is not gold that glitters: All i. n. Gold t. g.

'Tis beauty lends enchantment to the view: 'Tis Beauty l. E. to t. v.

Her situation became every instant more perilous: Her sit. b. ev. i. m. p.

Words are inadequate to express the emotions which — Words a. i. to ex. t. e. w. —

I believe that I may say without vanity, that — I bel. t. I may s. w. v.

I can prove to you that you will get twenty-five per cent more if you insure with Our Company: I can p. t. y. that y. w. g. 25 pc. m. i. y. i. w. o. Compy.

With hearts ever open to the call of duty: With Hs. e. o. t. the c. of d.

No man in the ward has worked harder for the Democratic cause than I have: No m. i. t. wd. h. w. h. f. t. Dem. c. t. I hve.

It needs no argument to prove: It nds. n. a. to p.

Money is scarce and stocks is down: M. is s. & s. is D.

Be virtuous and you will be happy: Be v. & y. w. b. hpy.

Woodman, spare that tree: W. s. t. t.

The sermon was fervid and eloquent, and bore the impress of talent: T. s. was ferv. & c., & b. the i. of t.

In our Midst: I. o. m.

We have donated to the congregation: W. h. dd. to t. c.

Pending the hymn, Brother Smith will take up a collection: P. t. hm., B. S. w. t. u. a. col.

I have proven to your full satisfaction: I. h. p. t. yr. f. s.

But it is in the accounts of balls and reports of extempore prayers, or extempore any things, that this cutting down system will work with a sliptarious scrush, simmering down and drying up oratory into its very condensest limits. For when you come to muse on it, F. C's — fellow-citizens — and think how entirely these productions of gushing genius are mosaicked out of old bits, you will marvel, I know, that nobody ever got up a system of ciphers for that same.

'The beautiful Miss C. O. B. was the observed of all observers. Truth was in her steps, heaven was in her eye, in every —' O goodness! I *can't* stand the whole of *that*, you know: not on any terms. 'The exquisitely lovely Miss B. O. B. swept in unrivalled grace amid a shower of burning glances rained from bleeding hearts. The glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers. The belle of the evening was the fascinating Miss D. O. B., of Pigwackett Centre. The spirit of loveliness seemed to have lent her its most potent charms. For faultless was her form as beauty's queen and every winning grace that love demands —'

Ug' gh' g, goo goo goo sputter putter! Talk about the Italian Opera, and its only six hundred words! Bless your dear heart, why Only Harf o' That If You Please would do abundantly to serve up all the misses in the country, with a quotation under every one, like toast under partridges. And then the sentimentical quotations (sightations Nelly calls 'em) are so well known that a single cipher would do to recall any of them, after a very little practice. Oh! it's jolly, it is; this wood-violet and Valenciennes, fans and braids, beaux and band of music literature! Some folks quiz it. I *can't* for my life and soul. Lord love you, I'd as soon find fault with the Opera for the fewness in

a bill of *its* cofabulary ; as soon mash a butterfly with a mallet ; as soon set a child a-crying or a house on fire as get mad at our poor 'Special Correspondent's style. We can't all be Patent Letter-Writers you know, specially when we do n't know how ; and perhaps four o'clock in the morning at that, and maybe with the steam of seven punches just deadening away, and perchance no sleep the night before, and peradventure with the mail going to close directly, and very like Old Hob to pay generally. There's no use talking ; big criticism on small writing, such as Mace Sloper's, for instance, isn't fair. It's too much of what the *Evening Post* calls jug-handle judgment : all of one side. It don't make proper allowances, as Bill Nailor said of the cider-barrel, whose spicket dribbled when he was thirsty, and rushed when he was n't dry.

But if it would be rather a Big Thing to cut down the present salary of our language to a greatly reduced figure in this department of literature, what shall we say of that forlorn hope of the clerical army who pitch into the Enemy with addresses, prayers and lectures, of which a wonderful proportion is a combination of texts or phrases all known to every body almost since his year One. And he played on a Harp of a thousand strings ; Sperits of the just made perfect.

Particularly when the address is extempore. These extrumperry addresses, whether they be in the form of a beer-song in a concert-saloon, joyously inquiring of The Prettiest Waiter-Girls in the City 'who paid for the barber ?' (rhyme, 'harbor ;') or whether they be utterances of Mr. Hyder Oceanic, when clairvoyantly magnetized ; or Reverend Cream Cheese, or any other man, are extremely apt to resemble going through a swamp where a man has to jump from hussock to hussock, taking a rest or getting a purchase on every fresh bunch of reeds, grass or mud, to enable him to take a fresh leap.

Is n't it so ?

The popularity of certain Hard - Shell Sermons is enough anyhow to show that the whole American people, of whom Mace Sloper is a humble unit and average sample, are of the opinion that it's a good deal so : if not among the regulars and educated ones, at least among the irregulars and gorilla corps. And I might carry the principle out much farther. I might show how our orators could cut down ; and how the editors even might advantageously abridge many things in their papers ; for instance, the details of the divorce trials. And oh ! how easy, how very, very easy it would be for any person of any approach to intelligence to learn a set of ciphers or phonographs, whatever they might be ; each one standing for one of the set of thrilling events, harrowing incidents, shuddering scenes and awful imminent catastrophes of the under-crust romances. Why, since I wrote that last word I've been going over a chapter of the 'Midnight Raven ; or, The King's Own Murderer,' and though not one of your smart sort, or peculiarly versed and chaptered in literature, I can say that there is n't a point in the whole story ; not an expression or attitude, a rusty key turning in the antiquated lock, or the servitor who bowed and retired, or the mysterious stranger, or the antidote, or 'O Juana ! would that we were in some lone isle where all life should seem the sunny lapse of one bright summer's day ;' or, in short, any thing else, any where,

which I haven't seen saw-dusted here and there all over my reading and theater-going existence. In fact, if these points were only once well learned they might be, by a further effort of memory, identified with certain moves in chess, so that every unexpected phase of the game would be a fresh horror, or a love-speech or a threat. Then again they might be identified with certain dinner-dishes, which as the courses went on might advance to a dessert upshot. Tenderline and mushrooms, that's the heroine you know, in a sentimental mood, accompanied by upstart fops as parvenue as possible; potato croquettes next to them, that's her faithful Irish maid in a new French dress: she's disguised, I suppose to pass as the Countess de la Maquerelle; oh! 'twould be very easy, as easy as the praying in Thibet, which Nella told me about, where they set the prayer on a mill and agree that every time it turns around it should count for once said.

According to the Revised Statues. Meanwhile, in much tribulation, brethren, I await with earnest hope that printing-press, that admirable little invent by means of which any poet—or Any Other Man—can run off his lyrics into type so fast as he composes them.

And this perhaps is the greatest Relief to Humanity, of the many joys convolved in such an implement. For perhaps half the books now slung out by the thousand at the community are started just that the author may see himself in Print. That was what was the matter with Me when I, some fifteen years ago, walked into the KNICKERBOCKER, the Lord bless it! If all the young poets could only just print themselves off into type; make half a dozen copies at no more trouble than playing off as many pages of music; just a few volumes to give the girls and lend round; as much as would take the rough edge off.

Would n't it be Nice! The Individual who perfects that Apperatus, if he do n't make it cost more than I can raise on a long note, may look out for a customer in Mace Sloper.

FRIENDSHIP IN MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE ripens friendship into love —
 And love grows quicker in the tears of woe
 Than in hot happiness and joy. To prove
 How much I feel were idle — but to know
 More of thy grief-shaped life, and then bestow
 My days to soothe thy sorrow, is a task
 Which cannot choose but from such history grow.
 And many weighty questions would I ask,
 Did I not fear to wound while tearing off the mask.

THE SKEPTICAL MOTHER.

 BY WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M.D.

O ALECK! sweet ALECK! the cold earth that fell
 On the lid of thy coffin was thrown on my heart—
 A cloud which no sun-beam can ever dispel,
 A shadow of death which can never depart.
 How often I lay my dull book on the shelf,
 And gaze at thy chair till thine image I see!
 How often I mimic thy tones to myself,
 And pensively fancy I'm listening to thee!

They tell me thy spirit is close at my side,
 And can hear what I say, and can see what I do:
 How can I believe it? could HEAVEN deride?
 Set my child at my knee, yet conceal from my view?
 If thou didst behold me, and there was no check,
 Oh! what could restrain such affection as thine?
 Those sweet little arms would be twined round my neck,
 That dear little face would be pressed against mine!

'T is darkness—all darkness, my beautiful boy!
 My skeptical heart is in love with its pain;
 Faith cannot reveal me a picture of joy,
 But reason dissolves the bright colors again.
 Ah! why are these mysteries that ever exceed
 The limits of knowledge, the mind's feeble scope?
 And who knows but death is eternal indeed,
 And heaven itself, the false echo of hope?

Or if there be life in the leaf and the stone,
 And in atoms that people the wind and the wave,
 It may be that sweet little life of thine own
 Is now but a halo surrounding thy grave.
 Oh! come in a vision or come in a dream,
 And cheat my poor fancy with tissues of air!
 If they cannot be real, at least let them seem,
 But leave me not, leave me not thus to despair!

A VOYAGE

THROUGH THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN TO THE PACIFIC.

BY LIEUT. J. R. HAMILTON, U. S. NAVY.

'The western wind was wild and dank in foam,
And all alone went she.'

THE 'Wyoming' left Rio de Janeiro on the twelfth of December, 1859, and steamed out of that beautiful bay under a cloudless sky. On the twenty-second we caught our first gale, and another on the twenty-fourth. On the evening of the twenty-seventh, through the saffron mist of a glorious sunset, the coast of Patagonia burst upon us; and that night, weary with being knocked about, we found an anchorage under the shelter of Cape Virgin, the easternmost land.

By daylight the next morning, that is, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we were under way again; rounded the cape, and attempted to enter the Strait of Magellan. In this we were destined to disappointment; for a sharp gale came blowing out of its open jaws, and the ebb-tide foamed against the ship's stern. So we bore away for the Tierra del Fuego shore, and found a good anchorage for the night under its lee. The next day our luck was better; for with fine weather, and a mill-race of a tide after us, we dashed into the Strait, and by four o'clock that afternoon were snugly anchored in Peckett Harbor. On passing in we observed flocks of wild-geese upon the brown hill-sides. The excitement among the sportsmen on board was intense. A party landed, but the game was too shy to secure many in so open a country.

Bright and early the next morning we set fifty sailors on shore, to give them 'a run;' and with it some *practical* practice in rifle shooting, at which more would be learned than in a month's firing at a target dangling from the fore-yard, or at a cask anchored off from the ship. We see in the papers that Garibaldi's best soldiers are sailors; that they are more ready at expedients, happier, better foragers, and have more 'dash' than landmen. We are glad to hear so good an account of Jack. The day has gone by in our Navy when it is thought 'lubberly' in a sailor to know how to handle a musket. The latter has superseded the boarding-pike in repelling boarders; and there is no reason why the crew of every man-of-war should not be a battalion of practised riflemen. The arms, the ammunition and the men are there; the Government has only to enforce practice. But this practice should not be confined to firing at a target at stated times: the men should be sent on shore to hunt and shoot whenever an opportunity presents itself. A man will shoot almost as well for his dinner as for his life if he only *has to do it*.

Carrying out this idea, it was not long after landing before the Minie-balls were whizzing fearfully among the wild-geese; and as a consequence, the birds recognized the men a mile off, and away they went! However, as Jack had

an idea that his musket was good for at least three miles, he was pretty sure to send a ball after them, and a curse after it, by way of helping it along. Some of the more enthusiastic had gone over fifteen or twenty miles of ground before getting back to our camp, which was made on the shore of an inlet within three or four miles of the ship. As hungry as wolves, we cooked and devoured almost all the game we had killed. After supper, in spite of fatigue, a party of a dozen gathered around the fire and commenced calculating the chances of 'catching,' as one of them expressed it, 'them flying devils, the geese, with their sails furled, and at anchor in the night-time.' From this literally 'wild-geese chase,' they were only dissuaded by an 'ancient mariner,' who has great weight among them as a sportsman, from the fact of his once having been a 'fillibuster.' He informed them, authoritatively, that 'the wild-geese, like the albatross, kept under way all night, and 'hove-to' under easy sail, to keep clear of the foxes and other varmints.' This appeared to settle the matter; for before long all hands were rolled up in their pea-jackets or blankets, and sleeping as soundly as in their hammocks. The relish with which the crew enjoyed their liberty, and the many attendant amusing incidents made the best part of the day's sport.

For the whole of the next day the shooting was kept up; and by sunset the men were sent on board, with every cartridge-box empty. Of course every man of the crew had seen a tiger or an ostrich which another was equally willing to swear was a fox or a crane! All, at least, were brim-full of adventures which, adroitly spun into 'yarns,' will serve as amusement for the whole cruise. Since then we have had smaller hunting-parties in Nicaragua, when more game was killed; but certainly the event of the cruise so far was our two days of camp life at Peckett Harbor.

After sending the men on board, a small party in the cutter pulled over to Pitcher-Island, not a half-mile from the ship. Here, from sunset to an hour afterward, we had splendid shooting, as the geese flew in to settle for the night. We could hear the foxes 'rushing' them into the water on the mainland, and a moment after they would come hustling past us. We hardly had a chance to load more than one barrel at a time, and of course lost many shots; still we lived on wild-geese for two weeks, and our small mess have not small appetites.

The wild-geese of the Strait of Magellan is in size and appearance not unlike our domestic bird. The male is black, white and lead-color, with black bars mid-way across the wings. The female is black and gray. The bill in both is black, and rather short and sharp. They feed in flocks in the day-time on the wild cranberry growing on the hill-sides. All through the Strait the kelp-geese is found, but it is unfit for the table. It is called the 'steam-boat duck,' from the use it makes of its wings while swimming.

On the morning after our return from the shooting excursion, we ran on to Sandy-Point, where the Chilians have a post, kept up merely to give them a claim to the country. Here I saw a number of Patagonians; big dirty fellows, half-drunk, and looking like our Indians under similar circumstances. The Governor of Sandy-Point had measured a hundred of them, and their

average height was five feet eleven inches. This certainly indicates the fact that they are a large race, but by no means the giants the early navigators represent them. Living on the pampas they are fine horsemen; and a man's wealth among them is estimated by the number of horses which he owns. Silver they value more than gold, as the former is more easily worked. Their only ornaments are made of it. Except an occasional rich chief, who indulges in the luxury of a pair, it is seldom that one meets with a man who has more than one wife. Mere 'birds of passage' that they are, it is to be presumed the increase of baggage, (the exclusive privilege of the fair sex the world over,) deters the Patagonian gentleman from burdening himself with more Guanaco robes than one woman can wear. Although the 'Noah's-Ark Trunk' is not an institution of the country, the pack-saddle *is*. The guanaco supplies them with food and raiment; and, as they only get bread from the white man, their diet is mostly of meat, for they have no vegetables. On their home, the pampas, they are a hardy brave race; but those I saw at Sandy-Point were debased with liquor, for which they have the natural thirst of the 'Red Man.'

The women are plain, with large heads, feet and hands. The children would be pretty if well washed. All have beautiful teeth, and bright black eyes, with the oblique eye-brow. There is a young German living among them, who is acquiring their language; and I trust he may survive his hardships, and give us a minute account of this tribe. From the doctor of the colony I picked up a few crumbs of information. He says that in burying a *Cacique*, homage is made to the rising sun; and the body is placed in the earth at sunset. No trace is left of the grave; and much skill is displayed in concealing it. Their language is guttural in its tones, and figurative in its expressions; a letter is so rendered in it as to express the idea of a '*paper-tongue*.' Nothing astonishes them so much as the idea that a man, two or three hundred miles off, can make a few black marks on a piece of paper, which shall make another smile when he looks at it! At such a time they will gather around the reader of the letter, and look anxiously in his face. If he smiles, or gives any other outward indication of what is passing in his mind, they at once exclaim: 'See how he understands the paper-tongue!'

The guanaco, which is a species of llama, looks like a large woolly deer, and is found upon the plains in vast herds. Swift and shy, in an open country it is impossible to get within buck-shot range of one. They feed usually in the valleys, leaving sentinels on the hill-tops, who give the alarm with a peculiar cry or neigh on the approach of danger. The Patagonians capture them by encircling the herd, and gradually closing upon it. When near enough, they charge, and by throwing the *bola*, hobble the animal. This '*bola*' is nothing more than a round stone made fast by a thong five or six feet in length, somewhat after the manner of a slung-shot. It is swung rapidly around the head, and then thrown with the accuracy of a rifle-ball at the legs of the guanaco, where it becomes entangled by the thong, and finally trips the animal up. The meat in the cold clear climate of eastern Patagonia will keep for six weeks. We obtained enough, for a few pounds of pilot-bread, to

last us ten days. Its flavor is somewhat like that of venison; but it is neither so delicate nor so tender.

On entering the Strait, as we did, from the eastward, we had first the scorched-colored pampas with their magically clear and magnifying atmosphere. Swept by the south-west gales they are shorn of every tree, and only here and there a cluster of wild barberry bushes is to be seen. The shores are steep, and strewn with boulders, tracing their topography as if with a heavy black-ink mark; while far to the northward the mountains fade away in the deep-blue palpitating atmosphere. Cape Virgin, the first land that we saw, stood brown and treeless, blighted by the tempests that have swept over it since 'Creation' was created.

We left Sandy-Point at night; but before day-light we found ourselves 'butting' head-foremost into a south-west gale: so we went into '*Port-Famine*,' hard by, and anchored. Here it was, in 1584, that Sarmiento established a colony. Its fate gave the name to the port. The admiral having been captured by the English, the people of the colony were left without supplies, and died of starvation. Spite of its name, however, and the sad history associated with it, the bay is a pleasant place 'to look at.' Upon the eastern side are the old settlements: to the north the wooded hills, covered with flat-top beech-trees, and slopes of long grass and barberry. Over to the west is 'Mount Philip,' clad with forests to the top: a beautiful mountain of its kind. Nearer the water, on the same side, the banks rise like green-sodded ramparts; and beyond the Point, which is low and sandy, is the River Ledger, of which old Byron gives rather an over-drawn description. M——, and E—— and M——, went up the Ledger a mile, and found good snipe and teal shooting. They inveigled also a brown-neck goose, smaller than that found at Peckett Harbor: but he was a noble fat fellow!

On January the fifth we entered 'Crooked Reach.' The scenery here is like that of the Alps. Jagged peaks of purple slate, covered with snow at the highest points, with a spasm of sun-shine now and then dashing along them. The colorings of the fore-grounds are varied and beautiful; with crimson mosses, and flat-top beech-trees, and here and there, under the melting edges of a patch of snow, plats of green grass nestling in the moist and sheltered hollows. The headlands, as made, burst upon you like a Scottish mountain through the mist, reminding one of the landscape portion of one of Landseer's pictures. If I except the Swiss lakes, (and I can *scarcely* do so,) this is by far the most wonderful water I have ever sailed over. After leaving Lored Bay, you come to the wooded country, where the dark trees reach up from the shores to mountain-tops. The effect of this uniformity and density of green is sometimes marred by the blight of a ploughing 'Willawa,' that has blasted the tree-tops and left them withered and ragged. From Cape-Froward, the most Southern land of the continent proper, the scenery nearly approaches that of the higher Alps; balder, more chaotic, and wilder in its features as you go westward. High, dome-shaped mountains, covered waist-deep with snow and black jagged *aiguilles*, stood desolate and wet against the storm-blurred sky;

while the huge glaciers reached down from the gorges to the purple waters of the Strait.

Off Jerome Channel, a canoe came alongside, in which were huddled eleven inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego. As these were the first seen by us, considerable curiosity was evinced to get a 'good look' at them. They are not more than five feet in height; their complexion is of a dirty copper-color; their hair tangled and coarse; and their eyes small and sharp, with inflamed lids. They saluted us with cries of 'Gallita!' (hard-bread: the Spanish of which they seemed to have learned.) In the boat were three women and several children; these latter poor, naked, shivering little things, with noses which evidently had never been blown. One of the women sat aft at the 'helm,' or paddle used for that purpose. The boat was made of braids, sewed together with vines and thongs of seal-skin. These people, it is said, live afloat; every family having a canoe to itself. The head man of the party came on board of us, dressed in a costume part civilized and part savage. He had on a ragged cotton shirt and a 'seedy' seal-skin cap. On reaching the deck, he walked aft very deliberately and 'planted' himself in front of the man at the wheel; and then and there intimated by pantomime, that he was desirous of introducing his copper-colored legs, (which he extended one after the other at full length,) into a pair of trowsers. An old pair having been given him, he next 'by motions,' very 'pronounced' and energetic, expressed his willingness to be provided with a jacket. This too was given him; and both he received without the slightest demonstration of gratitude. We got rid of our friends with difficulty, and went once more upon our western way.

The same afternoon a gale from west-north-west, with cutting sleet, drove us for shelter into '*Playa Parda Cove*.' We anchored in the outer harbor where we encountered the violent squalls which sweep through every notch and valley. Except on the western side of the cove, there are no trees, the mountains being slaty and bare. A party of us landed, but found no shooting. After a hard scramble, we came upon a ridge of rocks, which looked down into a beautiful little mountain-lake. This basin of purple water is surrounded by colossal perpendicular walls of slate, dotted with interval verdure and with beautiful cataracts falling down along them into the lake. These water-falls look at a distance like slender slides of snow, or veins of delicately shaded marble. Under a scarred boulder, sheltering the ground for a few feet around it, I found a little patch of wild lupins. Thus old Mother Earth strives to soften the desolation upon her bosom, and with a frail flower to hide her nakedness.

On the evening of the sixth we got under way from Playa Parda; and by mid-night it was perfectly calm. We ran on through the night, finding no difficulty in seeing the way; and by sun-rise were well outside of the Strait. Before an hour, however, a westerly gale came sweeping in landward, bearing in its arms the swell of the mighty Pacific! To steam against such a wind and sea was to burn coal at the rate of about a ton a mile: so we stood back and anchored in the 'Harbor of Mercy,' close under Cape Pillao. The scenery here is of the same wild, desolate character which I have already described.

We found neither fish nor game; and our stay, in the midst of continuous bad weather, became tedious. Soon after anchoring, a family of Fuegians came on board. Among them was a rather good-looking girl, with small hands and feet. The men were a rascally, cannibal-looking set: just the 'fellows' in fact, to whet their short, yellow teeth in 'a piece of cold parson.' Talking all together, their voices sounded like the cackling of a flock of cormorants. In truth, these poor creatures, living on muscles, sea-eggs and limpets, pass at best but a kind of sea-shore bird existence. The general *sound* conveyed by their language is certainly like the call of birds of that species. You hear a continued *ca-ca-ka-caka-kak* sound; a boat they called a *cauka*. In imitating the sounds of our language, they were wonderfully 'apt,' and when a word was given them to repeat, they pronounced it with exactness.

M — and myself landed, designing to hunt up their huts. We found their boat hauled up in a little cove, shut out from the anchorage by a bluff point of rocks. Having seen the little fellows scramble up the cliff near this place, we followed a slippery path, until we came to a promontory, as purple, flat and bare on the top as a log-slab. From its farther edge we caught sight of the Fuegian huts. The whole nest set up a cry like a flock of startled gulls; and the men, armed with their sealing-clubs, came to meet us. Seeing our party well armed, they changed any belligerent intentions they might have had; and commenced capering and dancing before us, leading the way down to the huts. Here we were received by the 'Head of the Family' with an address, which our want of 'edication' (the 'creōwnin' gel-lory of the United'n States'n') prevents our rendering into English. This family consisted of eight men and six women; the latter all young. We are told by navigators, that of all women, the ladies of Terra del Fuego are the last to acknowledge their ages; for when one becomes *passé*, her lord and master smokes her to death and eats her. The women seen upon this occasion were almost nude, with only tattered covering of seal-skins; their limbs were smeared with 'dirt-and-ashes,' and it was hard to believe them human. Never, in all my wanderings, have I seen man brought so near the animal. Life with a Fuegian is a fierce struggle with Nature in her wildest, most desolate and severest aspect; and as a consequence, he is crafty, treacherous, and revolting to look upon.

On the thirteenth of January we get clear of the Strait, and in a few days afterward came into fine weather. The change was like passing from mid-winter into spring; or like descending the Splügen on a September night, to bask upon the sun-lit shores of Como in the morning!

On the twentieth we arrived in Valparaiso, and were once more in a civilized land. Our letters, three months old, were waiting for us; and they brought us all good news. The 'Wyoming' scarred and stained with storm-marks, told plainly the weather she had fought against. We trust her as good and true, for we know how gallantly she behaved in breasting the perennial tempests of the Patagonian coast.

THE SNOW FORT.

A POEM FOR THE BOYS, BY JOSEPH BARBER.

In the happy days of boyhood,
Five-and-thirty years ago,
(Life's golden age of joyhood,)
We built castles of the snow.
In the glittering drifts we quarried,
And our mason-work was rare
As those mansions, many-storied,
Manhood fashions out of air.

Though our ramparts and our fosses
Might have puzzled old VAUBAN,
What cared we, the urchin bosses,
For old fogy rule and plan ?
Our out-works were the queerest
Ever reared by human skill,
But of names we chose the dearest —
Every fort was Bunker-Hill.

How the parts of British leaders
Went a-begging, one and all ;
How we all were earnest pleaders
For front places on the wall !
Boys detailed for service foreign,
Fell in line with clouded brow,
Each one clamored to be WARREN,
And none wanted to be HOWE.

The battle — ah ! we fought it,
Not at all by History's light ;
How the pesky English caught it,
How they always lost the fight.
In despite of truth we chased them,
And to facts entirely blind,
As down the hill we raced them,
How we peppered them behind !

Thus we fought the fight of Bunker's
In the days that knew no care,
Ere the snow we tossed, as younkers,
Time had sifted on our hair.

Now alas! in the fierce battle
 We wage daily with the world,
 Harder shots against us rattle
 Than our boy-arms ever hurled.

And 't is not the generous tussle
 Of the snow-fort on the knoll,
 But a strife with those who hustle
 Not the body but the soul;
 And instead of gleaming missiles
 Poisoned shafts fly to-and-fro,
 And we march o'er galling thistles,
 Not the velvet of the snow!

THE WIVES OF THE POETS.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

'By the grace of God we are here assembled.'

On examining the biographies of literary men, the reader cannot but be struck by the obscure part which the *wife* plays in the drama of such lives. Her history, as a general thing, is unwritten. The encyclopedias record the date of her marriage, and sometimes condescend to say when she died. Much more than this we are seldom permitted to know. Her liege-lord neglected to write her epitaph, however glad or sorry he may have been to have the opportunity of doing so.

That the wives of poets should have so often escaped the celebrity which keeps their husbands forever young, cannot always be pleasantly explained. In many cases they have been inferior women, unable, through a lack of intellectual sympathy, to reach that enchanted sphere wherein moves most that is holiest and enduring of the literary man: if they have loved, it has been with the heart wholly, and with the brain not at all. Poets, it is said, require a two-fold love—one for themselves and one for their art. When the fool in the play asks the lover how tall his mistress is, the lover neatly replies: 'Her height, prithee? As high as my heart!' When an author's wife is also as high as his brain, 'it is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure;' and, ten to one, she laughs and weeps and is delicious forever in a novel, or dwells, with all her graces, in the rhythm of a lyric that perpetually sweetens the lips of the world. She so far fails in answering the requirements of her station who is shut by incapacity from her husband's demesne of thought. Such unions are fire-side tragedies—the more tragic,

inasmuch as the actors are Souls rather than bodies, the more hopeless because the agony of the play is purely intellectual.

For one reason or another, the wives of the poets, as a class, are a sadly neglected group of ladies: in proof of which I am cruelly bent on making a live poet bear testimony. My witness is Mr. R. H. Stoddard,* who has recently appeared as the editor of a volume of that peculiar kind of poetry in which he himself excels as an author.

The fact is (and it is rather a pathetic fact, if you wish to think so) literary men have been very chary in their praises of married life—especially the poets, who are popularly supposed to be the legal guardians of the blind little boy with the bow and arrows.

In looking over Mr. Stoddard's 'Loves and Heroines of the Poets'—the most faultless collection of love-poetry in the language—an ill-natured person might smile at the meagre number of poems which the poets have addressed to their own wives. Even these few poems, with eight or ten exceptions, lack the flavor and felicity which characterize their authors on other less laudable occasions. They are not the real sparkling champagne, but very 'still Catawba.' If the editor had restricted his selections to readable 'Stanzas Addressed to my Wife,' he might have put all his material in a pocket-book. He would have found few such noble verses as Bishop King's 'Exequy.' For those poets who have made themselves famous by singing of Chloe and Amaryllis, whom they did not marry, are generally as mute as moulting robins concerning Maria and Clementina, whom they *did* marry. From this point of view the lady-love appears to have been every thing, and the wife—nothing.

'THINK you, if LAURA had been PETRARCH's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?'

Now, for my part, I am cynical enough to believe that he would have written much better sonnets, and may be an epic or two, by way of variety. It requires something more terrible than a noble woman to spoil the verses of a decent poet. One of the chief pleasures in contemplating the lives of the old English singers, is to know that some of those master-spirits were blessed, in their rough pilgrimage, by gracious wives, whom they loved, though they neither dedicated folios nor always wrote flowery poems to them. Perhaps they held domestic love too sacred to sing about it. At all events, they sang but seldom, and then not always excellently well.

In Mr. Stoddard's volume we have one hundred and twenty-six poets. Of these one hundred and twenty-six, sixty are married men. Of these sixty about thirty have sung the praises of their wives. And of these thirty only about fifteen have sung any thing worth the singing. There may be some slight error in these figures, for I am distinguished for my horror of mathematics; but the statement is sufficiently correct for the occasion.

The limits assigned to a magazine article will not allow me to discuss in detail the ladies of these sixty poets. But what a curious history they would

* THE LOVES AND HEROINES OF THE POETS. Edited by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. With Illustrations by CHAS. A. BARRY. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON. Quarto: pp. 480.

make! How their stories would involve kings, courtiers, beggars, fools, and knaves! What royal women some of them were, what spendthrifts, what sweet-tongued creatures, what scolds! How some of them ruined their lords with no other charm than the crimson thread of their lips. It is odd that Disraeli, in his 'Calamities of Authors,' neglects, as I believe he does, to mention *woman*. The shrews of literature, with a minute account of 'the life, sufferings and death' of hen-pecked authors, would make a long and comical chapter. But a longer, though not so comical a chapter might be furnished by the pale ghosts of neglected wives. As I lean over my friend's book, what phantoms from the dark night without, from old, mossy English kirk-yards, hover about me in the dim gas-light of my chamber, each whispering some strange tale of cruelty and neglect, telling of unvalued loveliness and patience and devotion!

'Or love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel?'

Ah! you poor little women, some of you have been shamefully not taken care of!

Dante wove such a wreath of laurels for Beatrice, that the beauty of the Florentine woman, with her blood-red dress, has stood the test of five hundred years. The wife of the gloomy Tuscan is the merest shadow beside her immortal rival. Howard, Earl of Surrey, wraps the Lady Elizabeth Gerald in a pretty name, and pens sentimental sonnets to her eye-brows—just as if his own wife had no eye-brows, and very charming ones! But he seems to have no music left for his cousin Lady Frances Vere, to whom he was betrothed in his boyhood. The elaborate Sir Philip Sidney wasted his anapests and dactyles on a pair of restless court fire-flies, to the neglect of a lovely woman, the pink of whose little-finger nail was worth a whole race of such female fops. And Shakspeare, too. Shakspeare has a sweet mysterious lady embalmed in his sonnets, like a fly in amber. There is not a beautiful flower, according to the bard, which does not steal its shape, its color, or its perfume from her perfection. The stars are lighted by her eyes. She causes day and night by her coming and going. In her praises he makes mellifluous words fall into line and sweep on with triumphant music. But what of Mrs. Shakspeare?—the gentle Anne Hathaway! He leaves no immortal verse to her, only an old bedstead in his last will and testament! Milton has three wives, and writes one sonnet on Mrs. Milton No. 2—after he buries her!

'METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like ALCESTIS from the grave.'

We are all acquainted with Mr. Waller's Amoret, and Saccharissa who gave him a cold shoulder, as he deserved, for he was an insincere piece; we all know his reply to Saccharissa when in after-life she, in her rouge and powder, asked him:

'Mr. Waller, when will you write such fine verses to me again?'

'O Madam!' replied that gallant old boy, 'when your ladyship is as young again.'

We know these things, and a great many more not so much to the credit of this sparkling, velvet butterfly; but we have not had the pleasure of meeting either of his two wives in the society of the muses. I fancy he did not trouble himself much about them; but he made the brides of other people famous. This hasty and by no means complete list of celebrated 'loves' and unknown wives, is growing too long; but I must add to it one wife and one love more pitiful than all—Stella and Vanessa, the two ill-starred ladies rendered historical personages by Swift's verse and Swift's cruelty. Mr. Stoddard has told their story very pathetically in his note on Swift. These two women lavished on the savage Dean such pure idolatry as the world has seldom witnessed. By what wizard spell he possessed himself of these unfortunate hearts, it is difficult to surmise. For years he held their souls in his hand, tossing them to-and-fro as a conjurer tosses the gilded balls. To Stella he was married, though the marriage was not publicly acknowledged, and the parties never met except in the presence of a third person. Vanessa, after cherishing for eight years the hope that Swift would make her his wife, could no longer bear the suspense which was undermining her health: she wrote to her rival, praying she would tell her whether or not she was Swift's wife. Stella immediately answered in the affirmative. After suffering such mortification and misery as would have driven any man but Swift to suicide, Vanessa died in resentment and despair. Four years after this, Stella lay on her death-bed. For fourteen she had waited in vain for love to dawn in the bosom of this poor wretch. It is said that a brief conversation then took place between them relative to their unproclaimed marriage. Only Swift's reply was overheard.

'Well, my dear,' he said, 'it shall be acknowledged, if you wish it.'

'It is now too late,' said Stella, with a sigh.

It *was* too late. She died of lingering decline in January, 1728. 'After Stella's death,' says Mr. Stoddard, 'and probably after Swift's, one of her raven tresses came into the possession of an antiquary. It was wrapped in paper and labelled, in Swift's hand-writing, '*Only a woman's hair.*''

As I read this bitter page of secret history, spectral hands seem to turn over the leaves for me, and spectral fingers to rest sarcastically on the glittering tropes and flowery nothings with which Swift garlanded his victims. I shall have to turn up my gas-light and read 'The Legend of Good Women,' and think of happy ones, to exorcise those complaining ghosts that come and go in the shadow of my book-case.

The reader will remember the charming Lucy Herbert, who might have been a Duchess if she had not chosen to walk out of the purple and wed the poet Habbington, who sang her praises as maid and matron, and loved her, notwithstanding she was his wife! I will let a woman* say that 'his poems to Castara form one of the most elegant monuments genius ever raised to the memory of a wife.' The amiable and lovely woman whose early death drove Parnell to destruction, should not be forgotten; nor Anne More, the wife of Dr. Donne, whose fidelity through poverty to death is loftier than any poetry,

* Mrs. JAMESON.

certainly much loftier than any of the Doctor's. And later still is Lady Lyttelton, whose flight from this world, in the flush of her youth and beauty, taught Lord Lyttelton the only noble number he ever uttered. In times nearer our own, we recollect several poets whose lives have been broken by the severing of these domestic ties which so many have worn but lightly.

In view of these and similar cases, a witty French author once prepared an ingenious treatise in which he attempted to show why a literary man should not marry at all. He says that twenty poets are unhappy because their wives died, and twenty are wretched because their wives lived. In one case the husband trembles for fear his consort will leave him, and in the other—for fear that she won't! The humorist had proceeded thus far when the ingenuity of his own logic made him an idiot, and he really completed the essay with a solemn protest against marriage! While we smile at the entertaining French gentleman, it is worth observing that many of the finest tributes paid to the gentler sex have emanated from old bachelors—the light-hearted Benedicks who never lived to be married! Tasso made Leonora immortal, and Herrick his Prudence Baldwin—and these were the most incurable of old bachelors. There is one of Herrick's lyrics to his sweet-heart, so diminutive and chaste and perfect—'like an agate-stone on the fore-finger of an alderman'—that I can never think of it without quoting it:

ON HIS MAID PREW.

'In this little urn is laid
PREWDENCE BALDWIN, once my maid,
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet!'

No reader of recent biography is unfamiliar with Lady Byron's unfortunate marriage, nor with the love of Jean Burns, nor the touching account of Shelley's two wives, nor with the tender care with which the wife of Tom Moore watched over the splendid ruin of his intellect. The memorials of Thomas Hood by his son and daughter, lately republished in this country by Ticknor and Fields, present us with a delightful picture of domestic literary life. The book itself is not a remarkable specimen of biographical writing, but the characters of Hood and his wife are so full of human goodness, so touched with all delicate graces, that one forgets every thing else. Mrs. Hood's letters are delicious un-revealings of herself. She was

'A SPIRIT, yet a woman, too.

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.'

Our own day and our own literature are not barren in instances of such unions, nor lacking in painful household histories. The time has not come when it would be proper to speak of the wives of those authors who are still living, or who have but newly passed away from among us. Many women who to day are moving quietly and gracefully through the light and shadow

of fire-side life, are to be known hereafter. Their names will be gracious words to other generations. They shall have justice done them, for the nineteenth century, among other inventions and discoveries, has discovered Woman! It was not enough that she was placed in the garden of Eden for us. We were blind for many thousand years. When the world was young, we made her fetch our wood and cook our food and play the menial. In our days of chivalry we taught her to be a pretty Amazon, to dress our wounds, to bind her scarf about our helmet, to receive a fantastic and insincere adoration. Then, as if there were never to be an end to our nonsense, we fancied that she was an Arcadian shepherdess, or a lovely wood-nymph with confused ideas of virtue. Then was the sickly, sentimental, pastoral age in full blast. Then did she tap us on the cheek with her fan, and smirk and smile, and paint and powder, and wear her hair four stories high. That was the courtly age. But by-and-by she wearied of these follies. We began to treat her with more sense: then little by little she began to assert herself; the better we treated her the more she asserted, until at last we cried out like Frankenstein, 'What monster is this we have created?' But it was not a monster—it was only *A Woman!* Great in her weakness, noble in her charity, beautiful in her patience. We have found her out! She was never so recognized as now; we have discovered that she has brain as well as heart; that she can write verse like Mrs. Browning, paint pictures like Rosa Bonheur, and still be all that is gentle and lovable like Florence Nightingale.

S O N N E T .

'I TURN to clasp those forms of light,
And the pale morning chills mine eye!'

FAIR one! half known in memory, half ideal,
That in my morning dream wast by my side,
Walking in sweet communion, like a bride
Leaning upon my arm; ah! why not real,
Beautiful vision, that white, dream-like form,
Those soft, dark eyes, those clustering tresses, curling
So tendril-like, adown thy cheek? Lo! whirling
In my chaotic fancy, comes a storm,
Silent and shadowy; but enough to scare
The bright form from my side, while ran my joy
Fullest and deepest. What dost thou destroy,
Relentless Day! Waking, I murmur, 'Where
Where is bright Ethelinde? Is it all o'er?'
Then close my eyes, and strive to dream of thee once more.

FAUNTLEROY VERRIAN'S FATE.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

II. *

‘The lark soars upward and is gone!
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky,
His voice is heard, though body there is none,
And rain-like music scatters from on high;
But Love would follow with a falcon spite,
To pluck the minstrel from his dewy height.’

SUMMER and winter passed, and nearly every day Sara had spent a certain time under Fauntleroy's care. At the outset he refused to be her salaried instructor, but told her parents of the treasure that she possessed in her voice, and of his desire to train it in the service of music. Seeing the advantage it would be, they acquiesced, and by a thousand delicate attentions endeavored to acknowledge their obligation. Love had been something of which Fauntleroy recognized, he thought, perhaps the full beauty and depth of power, but which he had determined to eschew; for how could he serve two masters, he had asked himself; how could he devote his life to music, if he had previously given all the wealth of his nature to love? But no body ever fulfilled their intentions to the original letter, and although it was a most true intuition that taught Fauntleroy that his fate should be loveless, Destiny in pointing at the same end took another road to reach it, a road where ashes fell on his laurel, and it shrunk and blistered in the lonely sun-shine. Thus it was in vain for the young organist to make his scheme; circumstances apparently acquiescent worked through the web and embroidered thereon a different pattern. Constantly welcome in the luxurious home of Sara, constantly in her society and in communion with so pure and sympathetic a mind, constantly under the spell of her loveliness, what wonder if he found at last that there was a soul even in this beautiful statue of music that he had carved, and that these intoxicating daily draughts of her presence were coursing through his being like fire?

With his natural fearlessness he looked the subject in the face, saw every reason for an opposite course, and yet went on loving. He knew all the difference in their respective homes, beheld all the privations which he could not ask her to share with them, and it seemed to his unwilling perception that his passion gathered greater force because he bound its current in such silence.

All love is, we may presume, much the same in its degree, and every lover fancies himself alone in ardor, but I cannot imagine a tenderer thing than the permitted love of such a nature as Fauntleroy Verrian's, which hallowed its object, and continually by all the strength and sweetness of genius enriched its sacred fire. But how quickly through their individual intensity do these vivid altar-flames consume themselves to ashes.

One day, toward the autumn close, he went into the library, where Sara sat, for he was sufficiently familiar to dispense with a knock, and saw instead of the usual solitude, with only a distant hum from other parts, and the face of her mother smiling from the open room beyond — saw, instead of merely this, a group of visitors, and immediately found himself presented to Monsieur de Paquerette and his daughter Mademoiselle Fleur. They were troublous times abroad just then, and M. de Paquerette was an exile — an exile who was not inclined to beg; and who therefore made use of his chief accomplishment and taught the art of dancing. On this gentleman the musician's glance did not linger; his patent of nobility, Fauntleroy thought, was extinct in France and had never existed in Nature; but the daughter caught and detained his eye with one of those rare combinations of color so precious and delightful when found on any female face, browns and golds and tremulous carnations. She seemed after all, a mere child, much younger in appearance than Sara, though, as he afterward discovered, her senior; but owing her juvenile semblance to her fantastic flights and vagaries — speaking fragmentary English, breaking into bits of song, wearing strange and picturesque garments of unique cut and arrangement, and a little gipsy that she was, seeming all in all a mere and merry freak of nature.

Having surveyed Fauntleroy for a time in silence, she at last rose from her seat and stole here and there about the room, looking at this and at that knick-knack, and creeping unconcernedly ever nearer till she reached his side, and then surveyed him askance. Taking a little full-blown rose from her bosom, she began then tossing it up and down, catching it as she could; finally, it fell on the floor. Of course Fauntleroy stooped and picked it up for her.

'*Ne le tiendrez-vous pas ?*' she said, as he would have returned it.

'He did not understand her very well, but murmured in reply some complimentary allusion to the flower.

'*Fleur. Voici mon nom,*' she replied; '*je suis Fleur de Paquerette.* It is a fragrant flower now, soon it will be a flower faded. *Et la similitude ? Cela va sans dire.*' Thereon she laughed, took the rose quickly and flitted away. It was not long, however, before she returned, and standing by the piano, struck here and there a rapid chord.

*'Ses yeux si bleus,
Si blanche ses manches,'*

she began to sing; then suddenly ceased and looked at Fauntleroy again with most significant sparkles of her brown eyes and pouts of her red lips.

'Monsieur sees,' said she, '*que j'ai trouve déjà ses deux spécialités.*'

'What are they?' asked Fauntleroy, a little amused.

'Singer and song. Monsieur, there are now two *prime donne.*'

'You will have to prove your claim,' he replied.

Before he was aware of her intention, she had seated herself, destitute of the least hesitation, and warbled with infinite grace, electrifying the room, a little French chanson.

Fauntleroy was dazzled. This was not a sweet voice, nor a strong voice; on the contrary, it was sharp and hard; in a year or two it would be no voice

at all; and yet it continued to ring in his ears after it had ceased; it was merely the warm feminine personality that vibrated through it, and under this mask drew him toward itself. He commenced scanning the little lady as she had previously scanned him, and became lost in conjecture and wonder and bewildered pleasure. He was not yet sufficiently self-conscious to know that it was artistic and not individual pleasure which he here experienced: this little thing was perfect in her kind—but do eagles mate with doves? The question thrilled him through and through as he looked at Sara, whom in sport he had often enough called the white dove: and he changed it; do eagles mate with wrens?

Suddenly she threw him into another glow, as she stood up to go, and stood too beside Sara. Sara bent with her stately maiden beauty. Fleur fluttered beside her as a butterfly by a blossom, all her vivid color coming and going, and light breaking in her eyes, on her dimples, through her hair. All at once she flung her arms up about Sara's neck, pressing the curving, swan-like throat with the tips of her rosy fingers as a statuary might mould wax, and rising on tip-toe, she kissed both cheeks. There never could have been a greater contrast than that now apparent between the two; one, with a lustre about her, pure, fair and clear as that of silver; the other, although yet so young, tawny and brown as tarnished gold.

When she was gone they proceeded to lessons, but he yet thought of her; she rose uppermost at every image; her face stole between the bars; banished for a moment by ringing treble, the rich middle notes summoned it anew. Finally Sara broke off her exercise.

'You are thinking of Fleur?' she asked. 'How is it that you have not met before? They have been in America more than two years; almost another one here in this town. There is now some prospect of M. de Paquerette's recall. In that case, they will go in the spring.'

'Where do they live?' asked Fauntleroy.

'No where just now. Fleur is to come and stay here, unless they find a lodging for the winter. They have been warned out of their present one because they do not pay the rent.'

'I suppose,' said Fauntleroy questioningly, 'that they would not accept the other tenement in my house —'

'That would be the very thing! But it is occupied!'

'No,' said Fauntleroy, 'the tenant is dead.'

'I will speak of it to them; shall I? But I told you why they leave their present rooms.'

Fauntleroy smiled at that, and so it was arranged that before the close of the week M. de Paquerette and his little daughter should commence their humble housekeeping anew, on the opposite side of his narrow front-entry.

For a day or two after the first bustle had subsided, the usual silence prevailed, broken only now and then by a low hum of voices, or by a little trolling song that quickly subdued itself into hush again. But after that, this unwonted timidity wore off and vanished; Fauntleroy caught sight of a skirt flashing from room to room, of a bonnet tossed upon the floor, through the

open door he saw the place arrayed with quaint little foreign notions, he heard a brace of canaries pouring out musical tumult the whole day long. Soon he became accustomed to observe traces of feminine fingers in his own apartments, he returned from his long, chill autumn walks, or his sessions in the cool church, to find all things set in picturesque and disorderly order, the fire leaping up in the grate, great scarlet-tasselled barberry boughs hung about the room, and wreaths and bunches of gorgeous autumn leaves enlivening the whole. Shortly afterward, as he entered the house, the other door would open, and a head in profile put itself cautiously and coquettishly half through the space. Then the head would vanish, the space would increase, a hand would appear, and '*Venez avec nous, Monsieur!*' a little voice would cry from the obscurity.

Entered, he was at once seated at the table. Dainty dishes surrounded him, made of nothing, but spiced and seasoned till they seemed very compounds of Southern and Oriental luxury. Drowsy chocolate awaited him; some invariable flower blossomed from a little Bohemian glass beside him, and Fleur sat opposite with her bewitching dexterity and her flushing colors, and with a harmony of motions which, though sudden, were exquisite, that seemed to him almost like sound. The repast concluded, M. de Paquerette would reach down his violin, and leaning back in his chair, would play and reverize the hours away. Fleur would trip about till the room wore its proper semblance once more, having pressed Fauntleroy into her service. Then, this done, she sat down on a low stool beside the fire, and in an under-tone, with her medley of tongues and her animation of gesture, would tell him of her foreign life, of the streets of Paris, of the theatres, the operas, the balls, the émeutes, till wrought up to a point of tragic remembrance, which was the severance of her bond of betrothal with Monsieur the great and wealthy Comte de Coquelicot, melodramatic tears welled up and over the brilliant brown eyes and fell in sparkling crystals on the fingers that flew through the snowy embroidery.

But this familiarity of Mlle. Fleur's did not stay here; by degrees her unique encroachments invaded the very citadel, without occasioning him, however, an atom of the disturbance which he might have expected to feel in such an emergency. Returning one afternoon, when the Indian summer had shed a factitious warmth over the land, he heard her sharp little voice carolling with metallic distinctness and certainty:

*'Ses yeux si bleus,
Si blanche ses manches.'*

and entering, found Mlle. Fleur sitting at his own open window and looking out upon the river.

'Ah! Monsieur!' she cried without making any movement of departure, 'the sun falls in here, and not in there. Beside, I was lonesome. I will be just as still as one little mouse!'

And so she staid, while Fauntleroy looked up ever and anon from the work over which he bent, to see if the scarlet yet swept up and down the cheek at each capricious fancy, to catch a sunbeam shredding itself into gold over that

jacinth-dark hair, to watch the flying fingers and glancing steel that wove memories of gay foreign life through and through every stitch of her work. She seemed to him like a thing, a creature of dreams: as fantastic and mysterious as any ray of the sun that he had ever seen disporting itself like a living jewel under the brown current of some dancing brook. He felt that she was of a race and almost of a nature alien from his own; he desired to obtain the secret of such an existence, and was aware that he watched her with an ever-increasing interest that in its admiration and enjoyment became ardent. While these sensations, rather than thoughts, crowded themselves upon him, he slowly felt aware of another influence; the door gently opening, and a soft movement and rustle audible.

'You should have slipped your latch,' said Sara. 'I enter at pleasure and steal what you value most, Mr. Verrian — your solitude.'

Fauntleroy turned, his forehead flushing warmly, and all the strange thoughts that had been ruling him tumultuously mingling and endeavoring to subside.

'That you do not!' cried Fleur breaking off fresh thread. 'I have stolen that myself. He never shall have it again till I go back to France.'

Sara laughed. 'I came to spend an hour with you,' she said, 'but as you are here, perhaps I may stay too.'

'And what have you brought?' asked Fleur, for Fauntleroy had busied himself over the necromantic sheets again.

'Something which I meant to leave in here,' replied Sara in a semi-whisper, unrolling it.

'It is not so very pretty,' replied the other as she threaded her needle, 'in fact, it is not pretty at all. It is ugly. See how stiff! the form I mean. *Mais ma chère! le visage, le profil — c'est divin! comme il vous ressemble!*'

It was a copy of Guido's Aurora. Fauntleroy came forward and took it.

'*Vraiment, c'est divin!*' he said to Sara, '*et vraiment il vous ressemble:* but the morning wind blows through that drapery, and the morning dew lies heavy in it. Do you remember the sweet old song? Do you remember it, Mlle. Fleur?'

*'L'Aurore allait chassant les ombres devant elle,
Et peignait d'incarnat le c-este s-jour,
Et l'astre souverain, revenant à son tour
J'étais un nouveau feu dans sa course nouvelle.
Quand Philis, se levant avecque le soleil,
Dépouilla l'orient de tout cet appareil,
Et de clair qu'il était le fit devenir sombre.
Pardon! sacré flambeau de la terre et des cieux,
Sitôt qu'elle parut, la clarté fut une ombre,
Et l'on connut plus de soleil que ses yeux!'*

And he went back to his work, but took the exquisite little picture with him. He sighed with joy as leaning his head on his hands he gazed at it amid his forgotten scores. He felt suddenly that now the spell under which he had been struggling was at last conquered; Fleur was no longer a thing of flesh and blood, but the merest incident of the fairness of creation, one of the arabesque fancies in the frame of his life: for him again Sara was still and

forever the sole woman in the world. He left the little French girl alone while he went home with Sara, but he forbore entering the house lest, so elated as he was by her triumph in his heart, he should have suffered the escape of some undue expression of what he believed to be his enduring love. But by Sara all this was misinterpreted; she fancied that he was dazzled into feeling for Fleur what he had never expressed for herself, and, therefore, avoiding a too frequent interruption of their new life, seldom went near the small house by the river-side.

So the winter passed, and, except in the necessary exercises and at casual meetings, Fauntleroy had seldom encountered her; for even if the opposite course would have been consistent with all his plans of life, he felt it also a duty never to express his love for one in circumstances so different from his own, and knew that if he saw her constantly silence would now be impossible.

It was a bleak March night; the wind, which had been hurling about heavy masses of cloud all day, at last summoned its whole chorus, and opened one loud-throated cry; the snow fell and drifted, and blackness and phantoms beset the night. Fleur had been up in the morning and brought Sara down to spend the day with her, because in less than a week the little foreign sprite was to leave the western world, and seek the shores she loved. Now as the night fell and the storm increased, it was voted impossible for the guest to return home, and necessary for her to share the cot of Fleur. Fauntleroy had not been near them, except at dinner, for under the infliction of his long apparent neglect Sara's manner wore a distance that he did not comprehend, and that seemed to forbid his approach. But when the tea-table had been cleared away, and Sara had wiped the tiny cups of Fleur's washing, Fleur opened the doors and whirled her into Fauntleroy's room. There were no candles and the fire was low.

'I like to see the city lamps lighted,' said Fleur, 'and out of the blackness flash their sudden pictures into the river. It was superb last week when the ice broke up in the thaw. Do you suppose it will freeze again?' And she looked out on the black and rushing tide. 'Monsieur Verrian, are you here?' she continued. 'Come forth from your corner and be gay! It is the last gay night you will ever spend with *la pauvre petite*.'

Fauntleroy came forward out of the shadow, and stood beside the young girls as they sat in the window. The storm deepened; the white gusts went whirling by; the flakes fell drowned in the dark stream; one by one the tiny sparks of the street-lamps came out and shed their flickering rays in the river. Fauntleroy stepped at length to the piano, and, sitting before it, played such wild monodies as fitted with the hour. His choicest thoughts and fancies too, Sara felt that they were the reveries of all his summer days, the dreamy worship of his ideal life, and as she listened her tears silently fell. Suddenly the door opened, and M. de Paquerette entered, bearing a lamp and dispelling melancholy. Fauntleroy paid no attention to his entrance, and went on with his playing; but Fleur sprang to take the lamp, mended the fire straightway, and called to Sara, who had lingered by the window, to come and sit near the fire. Pretty soon she coaxed Fauntleroy from his seat, and gathered about

the merry blaze while the storm raged without; she initiated them into the secret of a dozen French games of wit and pleasure. At length M. de Paquette brought in his violin, and leaning back in his comfortable arm-chair, commenced dreaming away a string of dancing-tunes that dropped into the gradual stillness, airy little melodies, complete and perfect as pearls. As he began Fleur disappeared, and in a few moments afterward something reappeared, not Fleur but a sylph, a very spirit of the west wind's choir, gauzily clad with filmy scarfs and draperies, with stars flashing from her raiment, tiny shining bells tinkling on her arms, and others ringing silver strains like flute-tones to hover round her feet. She held in her arms a pair of glancing cymbols with which she timed her movement, and she began in slow undulatory grace the Dance of Summer. Nothing could have been more enrapturing, more dazzling, more filled with sudden and surprising pleasure. Here they felt the enchantress summon with her incanting gesture the flower-souls up from the sleeping earth, the clouds and showers and sunbeams down from the sky. Here it seemed the very breezes of June curling through her garments as her motions swept them at will; and never did the netted dew sparkle on the morning grass more brightly than the mesh of twinkling steps she wove. Over this fell the mid-summer languor, the depth and passion of the dance; it seemed as if her draperies melted in a dark-purple light; a heavy, sensuous, voluptuously perfumed atmosphere might have hung about her; her cymbals swept out their clashing silver with a drowsy strain; the richness and heat of August brooded over her *abandon*; and suddenly from her uplifted hand a loosened bunch of blossoms fell, and showered around her, and she stood mute and motionless as marble.

Only for a moment though, then she dropped her cymbals with a clang, flew to her father, and putting both arms round his neck kissed him repeatedly.

'*Cela va bien n'est-ce pas?*' she said. 'That is the way they do it in France; that is the dance of poetry; that is not cross hands and down the middle, up outside and right and left; is it, *mon père? mon père très vieux et beau!*'

Shielded in his arms she looked triumphantly over to Sara. 'Thou art scandalized?' she said. 'Thou dear little rustic, didst never see any thing so amazing? But thy face glowed, and thy face looked gay and smiled. O tell-tale face! and thy face looked sad and longing and passionate and weary while I danced, and thou didst share it, *chère petite prude*. Confess now! *Ne le niez pas!*'

'Yes; I confess,' said Sara laughing. 'I have been in dream-land, I should like to live there.'

'And what is to hinder? Come over to France with us, and I will go on the stage, and thou shalt sit in the boxes!'

'And what becomes of Monsieur?' asked her father. 'Where goes his occupation?'

'Monsieur Verrian may get a new occupation — *mais pas à présent* — his occupation now is just to look at me.'

At this she crept from her father's arms and shook out her crumbled

gauzes. 'See! am I not beautiful?' she cried. 'I am the very summer!' And therewith the very summer betook herself out of the room anew, and returning in a few moments, laden like Santa Claus, proceeded to pin back her gossamer wings, and, kneeling between them all, to cook over the fire a dish of oysters in an iron skillet.

Meanwhile Fauntleroy had sat charged with some silent electricity: that world, that life; that life of the ballet, the opera; that world of the orchestra and the choir; Europe: he must reach it. This was his exile as well as theirs. And wrapped in his thoughts his plaudits had been but few. This at last Mlle. Fleur seemed to feel, for she commenced to pout as she stirred the mother of pearl about, and soon to talk in an under-tone with Sara.

'*Ma chère,*' she said, '*vous pensez que j'aime Fauntleroy Verrian? Malheur! dans ce temps de vie personne n'aime à la longue. Non, non, douce petite fille! en réalité, M. Verrian n'aime rien mais lui-même, et si j'étais folle de lui, je ne le suis pas aujourd'hui. Oh! que non!*'

The hasty pallor and succeeding flush of Sara's usually serene face had not been unnoticed by Fauntleroy, for, more an adept in the language now than formerly, the words had not escaped his attention, and neither had Fleur intended that they should do so. Suddenly Sara looked up and caught his eye fixed upon her. Fleur was busy with her little messes. For an instant she shrank from acknowledging the gaze, but on the next met it with her lovely calm, while

'All her thoughts as fair within her eyes
As bottom agates seemed to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.'

All words and assurances could not have convinced Fauntleroy more surely that his love was returned than did that momentary look. A wild exuberant joy burst up in his heart, like some hidden stream leaping from the centre of the earth to the light of day; his face broke into smiles, he hummed little trifles of song, sprang to assist Fleur in her task, and was radiant with glancing gayety.

'Ah! well, Monsieur,' said Fleur naïvely, 'you are like the ice that went out to sea last week, and have thawed at last. And what did you think of my dance?'

He laughed as he replied:

'Oh! if thou hadst breathed then,
Now the Muses had been ten.
Couldst thou wish for lineage higher
Than twin sister of Thalia?
At least forever, evermore
Will I call the Graces four!'

'That is surely what I term the *amende honorable!*' answered Fleur nodding. 'Now for the rest of the session make yourself agreeable.'

But as quickly as this gayety, this joyance had arisen it fell. It seemed to him that in his heart of hearts he was strong enough to live without this love, he could have overgrown it if he had waited. He would master and subdue it

yet, she should do likewise ; except in the brief hours of her semi-weekly lessons he would never see her again till he was sure of himself. What had Fleur been to him ; what was her meaning in the problem of his life ; why had she left France and come here ; for what reason ? Plainly to teach him that love might be dispensed with, and that Europe (whither his means would never allow him to conduct a wife) was to be the end of his endeavors. He might have desired distantly to reach that loved and genial and inspiring land across the sea, but never so strongly as to sacrifice his heart to the enjoyment of the fine senses without knowing what she had taught him. Surely Fleur's mission had been no other than to tell him of the land where his genius could be fed and his delights anticipated ; without her he might never have dreamed of this answer to his formerly uncomprehended yearning for sympathy and true life during long years of wasted time. While these and other thoughts swept over him, he relapsed into his former moodiness, and was only startled therefrom by a peal of sleigh-bells at the door. It was the servant sent for Sara : and to show how good are our firmest resolutions, as Fauntleroy lifted her across the doorway's drift and seated her, before he folded the fur robes and leopard-skins about, he could not help seeking her steady eyes in the semi-white light of the snowy night, and drawing away her glove to lift the hand to his lips with a hurried fervor.

The next morning the storm had cleared away, the roads had been broken out, and on the succeeding day M. de Paquerette and Mlle. Fleur had fulfilled their mission and left America.

TO MY MOTHER.

WHEN I retrace the valley of my years,
Down which I've wandered toward th' eternal sea,
Though sometimes there the gloomy shade appears,
And the sad ruin of the leafless tree,
Yet forms of beauty throng about the way,
And words of love, and tones of melody,
With the aroma of embosomed flowers,
Blend, in the quiet of its many bowers.
Still, there's no beauty which e'er greets the eye,
In all the thousand forms where beauty lie ;
No delicate tracery on leaf or shell,
Or sculptured loveliness, which types so well
Immortal beauty, as what seems to be
Wrought in the spirit God has given to thee !

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

FROM THE CHINESE OF SOO HWUY.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

WHAT time my husband went to banishment,
 I followed to the foot of yonder bridge :
 I bore my grief, but could not say '*Farewell.*'

Ah ! why have you not written me, my love ?
 Our couch, remember, even in spring is cold ;
 The staircase that you built has crumbled down,
 And dust has soiled the windows and white curtains.

My mind is sore perplexed ; I would I were
 The shadow of the moon upon the sea,
 The cloud that floats above the lofty hills !

The careless clouds behold my husband's face,
 And she, the sea-moon, in her monthly round ;
 They know the man a thousand leagues away !

The tall green rushes by the river's side
 Have faded since we parted, but the plum —
 Who would have thought before we met again,
 The plum-tree would have blossomed, o'er and o'er ?

The flowers unfold themselves to meet the spring ;
 Our hearts unfold in vain, no spring is ours.
 My thoughts are busied so with your return,
 The willow at the door droops to the ground,
 And no one sweeps away its fallen leaves !

The grass before the house grows thick and rank ;
 My husband's flute hangs idle in the hall :
 He sings no more the songs of Keang-nan.

Because no letter comes to me, my lord,
 My silver dress, that on my pillow lies,
 Is dyed with tears, and tears have spoiled the flowers
 Brodered in gold upon my satin robe.

Thrice have I heard in spring the wild fowl's cry,
 Crossing the swollen stream. I sing old songs,
 My heart-strings seem to break upon the lute ;
 I faint with love and grief — grief ends my song.

Forget not, O my lord ! your own true wife,
 Your wife, whose love is firmer than the hills,
 Whose thoughts are filled with you. She weaves this song
 To win the gracious ear of Majesty.
 O SON OF HEAVEN ! let him return, and soon !

THE HERDSMAN'S SONG.

FROM THE CHINESE, BY R. H. STODDARD.

EAST or west to the pastures,
 We lead our flocks at ease ;
 Having no master to goad us,
 We spend the time as we please.

In the green bamboos together
 We cut our reeds and play,
 Or we sit in the long grass patching
 Our cloaks for a rainy day ;

Or we twist the ropes of the heifers,
 And make them stout and long,
 Tuning our merry voices
 To sing the herdsman's song.

We point at the restless miser,
 And laugh in his face with glee :
 ' Your legs are mighty travellers !
 What can the matter be ?

' Ride who will on horse-back,
 The cow is sure and strong.'
 Thus, by the springs in the coppice,
 We sing the herdsman's song.

O B E D G R O O T .

BY JOHN T. IRVING, AUTHOR OF 'THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.'

IN that distinguished part of the world, known as Queen's County, on Long Island, in old times, not a great while after the Revolutionary war, there lived about half way between Mosquito Cove and Jericho, a hard-drinking, hard-swearing, roystering gentleman by the name of Tom Floyd. He kept his hounds and his racers, and led a helter-skelter life. But his hard-riding, hard-swearing and hard-drinking came to a sudden end by his breaking his neck as he was following his hounds after a fox down the Cedar-Swamp road, which leads to Mosquito Cove. He was taken up dead. But wild stories got in circulation about him: some said that the moment he fell dead the fox sprang up a bank, spread out a huge pair of wings, and flapped off in the air, and that there was the print of a cloven foot in the bank where he disappeared.

Above all, it was well attested that this hard-riding gentleman still kept up his hunting habits; and on the anniversary of his death he swept down the Cedar-Swamp road in his red jockey-coat and yellow small-clothes at the heels of his hounds; and wo betide the belated straggler who fell in his way on that night, for it was said that he preferred human game to all others.

On such occasions the good farmers and their wives, and daughters, and sons, and sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law scampered off to bed and buried their heads beneath the bed-clothes until the infernal crew had passed out of hearing. Indeed, it is said that such was the haste and confusion with which they beat their retreat, it not unfrequently happened that the wrong persons got into the wrong bed, which sometimes led to unpleasant consequences. Be that as it may, it was a well-authenticated fact that the tough old 'Squire still kept up his annual chase, and there was but one person in the whole country who doubted it and dared to say so. This was a man named Obed Groot, who lived on the Cedar-Swamp road in a large house surrounded by rich fields and teeming barns. He was a keen, bitter fellow, with an eye like a rat's, a nose like a hawk's, and a mouth so tight shut and with the corners turned so far down, that there seemed to be some risk of their meeting under his chin and beheading it.

He had set out in life with a determination to become rich, and by letting nothing stand in his way, and shutting his eyes and ears to every thing that did not tend to that particular end, he succeeded. To be sure, he had not stopped to secure many friends by the way, but he did not want them. Friends were always wanting something, or telling about some case of dreadful want, or of some fellow with a broken leg and starving family; or in other words, always endeavoring to circumvent the iron button that kept watch over the breeches-pocket in which lay his purse, and which button seemed to glare out at all the world like a great eye, defying any one to get the better of it.

Obed had once been married, and his wife had died many years before; whether he had starved her to death, or whether she had died because her heart became frozen for want of any warmth in his, it matters not; she died, and he buried her decently, though some said he had hinted it was a pity when she went that she had forgotten to take with her a little girl which she had borne to him and left behind. But the child was left, and though neglected and almost forgotten, she thrived; and as she grew older and sat and watched him with her earnest, solemn eyes, a feeling almost akin to fear would come over him. It was observed, too, that when he had driven a more than usually hard bargain, or one in which there had been a more than usual economy of honesty, he kept out of her way. As time passed on, and Obed grew in years, and Esther — for so was his daughter called — grew in youth and beauty, he began to feel a kind of pride in her, and sometimes listened to her words and to her reading from the Good Book, for he had become a man of wealth and note, and having secured a fair share of the treasures of earth, he had no objections to make a small venture for those of heaven. It was said that once or twice, at her request, he had opened a small corner of his heart to an appeal for charity. 'T is true his acts were rather insignificant; and then, as if frightened at what he had done, he buttoned his breeches-pocket tighter, and was harder than ever. But still the ice had melted once, and there was hope that the time might come when there would be a general thaw.

It had been a hard year upon the farmers. Little rain had fallen; their crops were cut off, and there was general distress throughout the country. Obed Groot, with his usual fortune, had escaped. It chanced at the time of which we speak, that he was sitting in a room in his house, with one eye on his ledger and the other on the road, along which he saw a man approaching. As the man came near his gates, Obed raised the ledger eye also, and watched him with both. The man paused as if hesitating and then came in. If there was hesitation in his manner at first, there was none now, for his tread was firm and strong, and his single knock at the door loud and bold.

'Come in,' said Obed.

The stranger came in. He was large in frame; his tread denoted strength and resolution; his eye was clear and frank; his hair slightly streaked with silver; his features heavy and massive, like those of a mastiff. He looked for a moment at Obed, who returned his look with an eye keen and watchful as that of a terrier, then nodded to him. 'Good morning, John Wakeman; I'm glad to see you,' said he. The words were kind, the tone was cold and harsh.

'I suppose you know my errand, Sir,' said the man with some embarrassment of manner.

'I have not the least idea of it,' replied Obed tartly. He fidgeted as he spoke, for he knew it well.

'I came to ask for time to pay my debt to you. It has been a hard year: every thing seems to have gone wrong.'

Obed's face grew hard as flint, and this time the corners of his mouth very

nearly met under his chin. At last he snarled out: 'That's the cry of every one just now.'

'What can I do?' said the man.

'If you can't give money, give what you can. I'll take your farm; it's worth something,' was the sharp reply.

'But if I part with it, how shall I live?'

'There are plenty of people in the world who do n't own farms: live as they do,' replied Obed.

'Mr. Groot,' said the other, 'my farm is but a small one, and not worth much; but it is all I have, and the only home I have for my wife. If I were alone, you should have it this very hour; as it is, I will not see her turned out of doors if I can help it.'

'Just as you please,' replied Obed. 'I would rather have the money. I have more land now than I can use.'

As he spoke he waved his hand with some complacency toward the window which commanded a view of his own land. The man drew a long breath as he looked over the wide fields, and ample barns and granaries filled to bursting, and thought of his own blighted harvest. He said nothing, however, but stood looking on the floor and apparently pondering something in his mind.

'Well,' said he at length, 'I suppose my errand here has been a waste of time?'

'Entirely.'

The former stood for a moment, as if he would have urged his plea once more, but at last turning to the door, he wished Obed good morning in a quiet, civil tone and went out.

Obed watched him until he had passed the gate, then turned to his ledger. 'I was just making out that fellow's account when he came in. It's very odd.'

As he spoke, there was a quiet footstep in the room and Esther came in, and took her seat at his side. He was too much engrossed to notice her, but kept on adding up the figures and muttering to himself: 'Every body wants time. I never ask for time, not once—and I'll not give it.' His mouth closed, and the corners went down again and his chin ran a great risk. 'I hate poor people,' said he, poising his pen over the paper while he ran his eye up and down the page to see that he had omitted no item. 'Ninety-five dollars and seventy-five cents. I verily believe there never was a poor man who was an honest one—not one; I think it is absolutely wicked to be so confoundedly poor.' He felt a hand pressing on his. He looked up: a pair of soft, remonstrating eyes were searching his.

'Well, Esther, what now?'

'Father, there was once ONE so poor that HE knew not where to lay HIS head.'

'Eh! what,' said he, looking round and still holding his pen poised over the paper, 'so poor as that; who was he?'

'ONE who healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, raised the dead, pointed

out the path to heaven shown by acts of loving kindness and mercy to man, and who at last died for us.'

Tears came in the girl's eyes as she bent forward and looked earnestly in the sharp, hard face which peered so curiously in her own.

'Oh! ah!' said he, as the meaning of her words slowly made its way into his mind. 'All very true, no doubt—a matter of religion. I never mix religion with business. You're a very good little girl, Esther. I'm glad that you read your Bible. Let me see! where was I?' He bent his nose to his ledger. 'Ninety-five dollars and seventy-five cents.'

The girl said nothing more, but got up and left the room. Obed kept on with his nose as close to his ledger as ever, but he could not get on with his account; for every now and then the idea of how strange it must be to have no place to sleep in, would come across his mind, and bother him as he was adding up a column. At last his mind wandered so much, that he could not follow up his accounts, and he gave it up. He buttoned up his coat, went out and strolled about his grounds. He looked into his cribs and barns and cattle-stalls. He was quite jocose with his workmen, but his merriment was hard and biting, and made their teeth chatter as they laughed. As it grew later in the day, he went in and tackled his accounts again. By this time the idle fancy which had bothered him before was completely out of his mind, and he soon had found out the exact amount of John Wakeman's debt, and had calculated the interest on it up to that very hour.

It was now late in the day, and at last it grew dark. Candles were lighted. Obed drank his tea, drew his chair to the fire, and toasted his feet, but he did every thing mechanically. His daughter took her usual seat at the fire-side, but he did not notice her.

In truth, in going over those accounts, he had discovered that John Wakeman was in his debt more than he imagined. It was but a trifle, perhaps John knew it; but if he did not, or had forgotten it, it might not be amiss to refresh his memory. He got up and looked out of the window. Every thing outside was black as jet; and the wind was rising as if a storm were brewing. Still that 'difference' in his account worried him.

'Father, you had better not go to John Wakeman's to-night,' said the girl abruptly.

The old man started, for her words were the echo of his thoughts.

'What put that in your head?' demanded he testily.

'Were you not thinking of him?' asked the girl.

A denial was trembling on his lips, but he gulped it back before it had got far enough out to become a full-fledged lie. 'It's no matter, child, what I was thinking of.'

But whatever might have been his intentions, he abandoned them and went to bed. Still, through the night that 'difference' perplexed him in his dreams, and made him toss and tumble in his sleep, until at last he got John Wakeman, his ledger and 'the difference' so mixed and jumbled up together, that he could not tell whether 'that difference' was John Wakeman or the ledger,

or something else, or what it was. In the midst of this confusion he awoke, and found the day-light streaming in the room and the rain pattering on the window-panes.

All day long that 'difference' haunted him; but the storm kept on. He flattened his sharp nose against the window-panes, and blew his breath on them, and watched the sky, but still it stormed. Late in the evening the rain ceased, although the night looked black and lowering. Obed could restrain himself no longer, and ordered his horse.

His daughter attempted to remonstrate, but he chid her sternly, and with his feeling sharpened and his venom increased against his debtor by the opposition, he left the house.

'Guy! Mas' Obed,' exclaimed his negro Sam as he led out the horse. 'A wonful bad storm is coming! wonful bad! Ef I was you, Mas' Obed, I'd stay to hum. It's Tom Floyd's night. He'll be out sure as my name's Sam. Whoa! Pepper! Whoa! Even the ole hoss don't want to go.'

'He'll want to go before I've done with him,' said Obed roughly.

As he spoke he brushed the hand of his old retainer from the bridle, and set out at a brisk trot.

Sam shook his head. 'Mas' Obed don't b'lieve nuffin! But he'll larn some day; he will.'

Obed rode rapidly on; for dark clouds were drifting across the sky, and the deep sighing of the wind showed that the storm was not over. The light of the young moon was completely hidden by the black masses which swept over it. Although it was dark when he started, yet before he reached his place of destination he could scarcely see the road, and the rain began to fall. Pepper, however, kept steadily on until a light gleaming from the window of a house at the road-side showed that he had reached his journey's end. Dismounting, he led his horse under a shed, and tied him there; then groping his way to the house, he knocked at the door.

'Come in,' said a voice from within.

Obed pulled up the latch and entered. John Wakeman was sitting at a table mending an old shoe. Near him sat his wife, a pale, anxious-looking woman. They both looked up as Obed entered, and a slight expression of pain crossed the man's face when he saw who his visitor was; and the woman cast a quick apprehensive glance at her husband, but neither spoke. The man instinctively pushed a chair toward their visitor.

'I want no chair, John Wakeman,' said Obed gruffly, 'nor do I want to waste words. I came here about that account of mine. Here it is.'

He extended the paper to the man, who took it and held it to the light.

'It's right, I suppose?'

'Quite right.'

'Well,' said Obed somewhat staggered by this prompt admission of a matter which he had supposed would be disputed. 'I want my money.'

As he spoke he planted himself firmly in the middle of the floor, and crossed his hands on the top of the chair which had been pushed to him, as if he intended to remain there until his want was gratified.

'Mr. Groot,' said the man in a grave serious tone, 'I will pay you as soon as I can. I have not got the money; I have told you so before, I tell you so again.' As he spoke he placed the shoe on the table, and came round to where Obed stood.

'My sheep have died. The storm has beaten my grain to the ground and destroyed the crop, and the drought killed my corn — a whole year's labor lost. Others have suffered as well as I. The hand of the ALMIGHTY is upon us, and we must submit.'

'I do n't see what I have to do with that,' replied Obed testily; 'that's a matter between you and PROVIDENCE. I do n't see why I should be mixed up with it; and I won't be,' said he resolutely; 'I won't be! I did n't come here to hear sermons.'

'Others, who have met the same misfortunes, have found indulgence,' answered the man; 'why should not I?'

'Because you are dealing with me and not with others,' replied Obed sharply. 'I let no man tell me how I am to manage my affairs, and I follow no one's example. I've got a head,' said he, tapping his forehead with his fore-finger, 'and I judge for myself. I will not be swindled out of my money. If you have not honesty enough to pay your debt, I'll make you.' His lips quivered, and he shook his thin finger in the very face of the farmer.

The man's eyes flashed at the last words; the red blood flushed his cheeks, and he took a step forward: as he did so, he felt a touch on his arm. It was but the slight pressure of his wife's fingers, and even in his anger he turned to acknowledge the anxious yet affectionate glance which was fixed on him. 'Do not fear, Mary,' said he. 'These things are hard to bear, and I forgot myself for a moment; but it's over now. Let him say his say, I'll bear it.'

Obed turned sharply on the woman. 'As to you,' said he tartly, 'I must and will say —'

The farmer laid his hand heavily on his shoulder and looked in his face.

'Say nothing that may in any way reflect on *her*. She's a hard-working, loving woman. She bears her heavy lot without repining. The little sunshine which God sends into this house comes from her. Say nothing of her, for unless your looks belie you, you will say what I will not bear. To me she is all that is left of fortune or friends, and next to God I honor her.'

There was a grave sternness in the tone and manner of the farmer as he spoke, and a kindling of the steady eye which warned Obed that he was treading on dangerous ground.

'As to your wife, I have no fault to find with her,' replied he; 'she owes me nothing. I never deal with women, never — never!'

'It's well,' said the other, with the same grave manner. 'And now, as you have said what you came for, and I have given you my answer, it is useless to speak farther about the matter. The night is a rough one; will you stay here until the storm abates?'

'Stay here!' screamed Obed, fairly excited beyond his patience by the sturdy calmness of his debtor; 'not a minute!' As he spoke he made for the door.

'Think again,' said the farmer; 'the night is dreadful, and there is wild work going on without.'

'I'll go, though the devil himself were in my path!' As he spoke he pushed past the farmer, and opening the door, dashed out into the darkness. He was absent but a minute when he returned. The farmer was still standing where he left him.

'John Wakeman,' said he slowly and in a tone of concentrated wrath, 'you've braved me this night. Now, mark my words, I'll hunt you down.'

The farmer eyed him calmly, and then raising his hand slowly, pointed upward, but said not a word.

'I suppose that means PROVIDENCE again,' said Obed with a snarl. 'Whenever a man loses money, it's always PROVIDENCE; but when he makes it, it's always himself. We'll see what that same PROVIDENCE will do for you when you get me after you.'

Again he left the house, but as he did so he turned and looked back. The man stood with the same unmoved expression, and his finger still pointed to heaven.

'Let him point,' growled he, 'If I do not teach him to pay his debts, may ——' He did not finish his sentence, for he had reached the shed under which he had tied his horse. He led him out, and battling with the wind and rain, contrived to mount him and turned his head homeward.

The man was right, it was a wild night. The wind swept down the valley in long gusts. The trees creaked and groaned, and the lightning flashed across the road. The sky was inky black, and his horse splashed heavily through the mud and water which deluged the road. But Obed's venom was too much aroused and his bosom too full of vindictive plans, for him to heed the turmoil around him. 'Let him point to heaven,' muttered he, 'we'll see what it will do for him. If I do n't hunt him down, may I ——'

Again he paused, for his ear caught a sound which came sweeping down the valley, mingling strangely with the wailing of the storm. Pepper too grew restive, and made one or two strong efforts to dash off.

'Dogs out on such a night as this,' muttered he. 'Whose can they be?'

For a moment his heart stood still, and a strange dread came over him, for he recollected the last words of his negro Sam and associated them in his mind with the noises which were borne along on the wind. But Obed was not a man to yield to idle fancies. His life had been hard and practical, and with a feeling almost of contempt at himself, he again turned his horse homeward. But Pepper had grown so restive that he could scarcely hold him, and he seemed half wild with terror. His pace was quickened to a gallop. His rider, however, was able to govern him, until the same wild cry again came ringing in his ears and close at hand. Obed glanced behind him. As he did so a bright flash of lightning flickered through the darkness and showed a pack of hounds coming down upon him, with lolling tongues and fiery eyes; and he also recognized the red coat and buck-skin small-clothes of Tom Floyd. Instinctively a prayer rose to his lips; but at the same moment his last words to John Wakeman flashed through his mind and choked it in his throat.

It was no moment for hesitation. He gave reins to his horse and dashed off at furious speed. He assaulted the sides of Pepper with a shower of blows and drove his heels into his ribs. For a moment he thought that he was gaining upon his pursuers. But it was only a turning in the road which had shut out their cry. The next moment, nearer than before, he heard the deep bay-ing of the phantom hounds amid the bellowing of the storm, and loud above all the cry of the goblin horseman: 'Hunt the miser down!'

Obed set his teeth, for amid his terrors the feeling of resistance was strong. There was no need now to urge his horse, for wild with fright and startled by the sharp flashes of lightning and the roar of the thunder, his speed was terrific. Down the Cedar-Swamp road, toward the village of Mosquito Cove, Obed scoured along, the mud spattering behind him, his coat-tails fluttering in the wind. Pepper had got the very devil in him; bit and bridle were but as threads to hold him in. At every yell of the hounds he seemed to leap a hundred feet. Through the village, up the hill, across the fields of the Valentines, down Fresh-Pond Lane, through the swamp at the end of it; along the borders of the Sound, across West-Beach, and over the upland of West-Island, he tore along; and close at his heels, fast and furious, followed the goblin pack.

In the centre of the island was a large house, occupied by a hard-riding, jovial old fellow, who kept his hounds and lived with open heart and open hand. The sound of the approaching chase roused him from his lair; and as Obed sped by, he saw the old 'Squire standing at his window, with his night-cap in his hand, yelling like mad and cheering on the hunt. He thought that he could hear sounds of mocking laughter and loud greetings interchanged between the goblin rider and the 'Squire. He made an effort to pull in his horse. He might as well have tried to rule a whirlwind. Down the bank he bounded, over the bridge, along the causeway, through the mud and water; across East-Island, along East-Beach, up Peacock's Lane he dashed, his hoofs striking fire at every leap.

The stiff-sided inhabitants of Buckram were aroused by the fiendish shouts. They knew too well the sound of Tom Floyd's hounds; and Obed saw them scampering in every direction as he flitted by.

Through the valley of Buckram, across by Meadow Side, over the hills of Oyster Bay, along the upper road, and through the quiet town of Jericho, the hunt swept on, until the dark waste of Hempstead Plains opened to view. Full twenty miles had Obed come, and still no signs of flagging in his steed; and now before him stretched out a barren waste: dark, dreary, and almost without limit. He knew that far off to the east lay the village of Hempstead; and he hoped that the horse might turn in that direction. But he was disappointed. Pepper headed toward the east, and dashed across the plains until he came to the great south road.

Trees, houses and fences, seen dimly in the dark, flitted past like shadows. Occasionally a deep bark would burst from the throat of some startled watchdog as Obed fled by, changed into a yell of terror at the goblin pack which followed at his heels. The longer Pepper ran the more furious grew his speed.

Obed began to grow delirious. He yelled and screamed, now shrieking for help, now joining in the loud shouts of his pursuers. Thus he was carried on through South Oyster Bay and Babylon; when once more the horse turned to the north and homeward. But Obed now was past all thought. He was carried on he knew not how, he cared not where; thought, feeling, fear and sense were all gone. Instinctively he kept his seat. He knew that he was hurried through bushes and thickets, over ploughed fields and fences; he felt that Pepper was master, and that farther struggle was useless. He yielded to his fate, and was whirled on as in a dream. He knew not how it ended, nor when nor where his horse stopped. He had an indistinct idea of hearing voices about him, and of trampling feet, and anxious faces, and of being carried to a house; but it was all confused.

When he came to himself he was in his own bed. There was a feeling of pain about his head, as if he had received a blow. His daughter was sitting at a table near him; but still his mind was not clear. He looked around him and muttered something about 'that difference,' and 'hounds and Tom Floyd and Pepper,' and while he was speaking he dropped off into a doze.

Late in the evening he awoke again. His head was clear, and his mind was ripe for business. He called his daughter to him.

'Where's Pepper?'

Esther looked at him with a strange expression.

'He's in the stable.'

'Alive?'

'Yes; what should kill him?'

Obed had it on his tongue to tell his story, but he remembered that he had not figured to much advantage in the night's adventure; so he held his peace, although he did mutter: 'That horse's wind and bottom are tremendous.'

Again he sank back on his pillow, and with half-closed eyes lay watching his daughter as she worked. As he watched her dreamy eyes and finely-chiselled features, with the delicate and almost ethereal bloom on her cheek, and the glossy hair which rested on her brows, he thought that angels must look as she did.

'Angels have nothing of earth in them,' said the girl.

Again that startling echo to his thoughts. Her eyes were fixed on his, and again that searching unfathomable glance which made him cower.

At that moment he heard a firm strong tread on the door-step, and a single loud bold knock at the door. He knew it well, although he could not hear the voice; and he knew well the step which was mounting the stairs without haste, deliberate and resolved; and it did not need the glance which he gave to tell him that John Wakeman was coming in.

'Ah! I know it's about that difference,' muttered he watching his visitor with eyes brilliant with feverish excitement.

John Wakeman wasted no words. 'I've brought your money, Sir,' said he, taking out a well-worn leather purse. He began to count the money on the table. The girl drew back and watched the two with an expression of the most intense sadness.

As he finished the old man stretched out his hand to grasp it, when the girl hastily rose and put her hand on his.

'O father! don't touch it. I know that it comes from a wrecked household, from a broken heart. Do not take it, I implore you, as you value all that is most dear to you. There is some wealth which comes coupled with a curse, all such is that which is wrung from the heart-blood of the poor. Touch it not.' She bowed her head over his hand, and held it clasped in both of hers.

'Take it away,' said she abruptly raising her head and speaking fast. 'Tempt him not to his ruin.'

The farmer looked steadily at her. There was an expression of honest admiration in his eyes, and for a moment his voice faltered.

'The money is justly his; I tempt him not. There is no wrong in my giving nor in his receiving what is due to him.'

'There, there! Esther! you hear him,' said Obed in a querulous tone: 'he says it's mine.'

The girl heeded him not. 'The money is due indeed, and that you offered it, is right, but is there nothing due from the rich to the poor? Is there not somewhere an account kept which shows that although the debtor may owe gold the creditor owes mercy? I've read it somewhere. John, now answer me? Has it not cost you sorrow, perhaps tears, to procure this money?'

'It's honestly come by,' said the man.

'I know that well,' replied the girl taking his hard hand, 'but are there no tears on that gold?'

The man was silent. Esther stood looking in his face with the same grave earnestness.

'I've heard of your misfortunes,' said she. 'Would not this aid you to get on again?'

'I cannot say but that it would,' replied the man.

'You hear that, father?' said she eagerly. 'You know that he has lost nearly all he had on earth. You will let him have it until better times. Will you not?'

Obed turned testily on his bed. 'The girl's mad! Reach me that ink-stand, John. I will write you a receipt for the money.'

'Father ——'

'Not a word more! not a single word! Hitherto you've been a quiet, obedient girl. Od rat the girl, what's in her?'

The farmer reached the pen and ink to the old man, who sat up in the bed, and wrote the receipt. The other took it, folded it up, and put it in his pocket.

Before he went he approached Esther and took her hand. 'I once had a daughter. Thank God, she died before we came to what we now are. It was a heavy sorrow then; but I can see the kindness of it now, for it would have added a great weight to my heart to have dimmed her young youth with the sorrows which overshadow me. But if she had lived I feel that she would have been like you, and I could have asked nothing better for her.'

He turned abruptly from her, and his heavy step was heard as he descended the stairs and left the house.

Once more Esther approached the bed. 'Father, let me call him back before he is gone too far; I implore it for your sake; I implore it for the love of heaven. Oh! you know not all that is depending on your words and acts this night.'

Despite the sadness of her tone, Obed was fairly roused to wrath. 'I tell you *no*! a thousand times *no*! Were the very hell-hounds which placed me here, in this very room, I'd tell you *no*!'

Esther drew back, and a mysterious change came over her as she spoke: 'Now hear me yet again. It is not too late.'

In her voice there was a tone of solemn sadness such as he had never heard before, and which filled his heart with foreboding; but the grim demon which had gripped it so long still kept his hold there, and struggled hard to keep his holier feelings out. He shook his head.

She did not regard his gesture, but spoke on: 'From my childhood until now I have been with you. I have seen you grow from poverty to wealth. You were an earnest, striving, frugal man; you struggled and fought your way on; you placed dollar by dollar, and as you saw your store increase your heart grew glad.'

The old man chuckled in his bed, and rubbed his hands, his eye gleaming with satisfaction.

'Ay, girl, money is power, remember that, always remember that.'

But she waved her head and went on: 'As your heart rejoiced it also grew hard and strong. Its better feelings one by one were frozen out, until at last but one single overwhelming passion filled it: crushing to atoms all others, and sitting there alone — 'the sordid love of gain.''

The old man made a gesture of impatience. 'I'm no worse than my neighbors,' muttered he, 'not a whit worse.'

The girl went on: 'I watched this feeling as it grew. Child as I was, I tried to battle against it, and turn you to better things. I hoped as I grew older, and as coming years gave weight and influence to my words, I still might redeem the past and win you from your threatened destiny. It was a hard task, for all went well with you. When blight and mildew swept the lands of others, you gathered in your harvest rich and plentiful. No murrain touched your flocks. You turned to other ventures, and still success followed in your train. Wherever you went, whatever you did, the gifts of God were showered on you in rich profusion. But amid them all, your heart still clung to earth and them. It was never raised in gratitude to the GIVER, nor did it dream of the object of the gift.'

'You're wrong, my child, indeed you are,' said the old man with a tremulous voice, 'I was grateful, indeed I was. I said my prayers always.'

'Idle words bearing no fruit! What acts of yours ever showed that the blessings which you received were extended by you to others?' demanded the girl sternly.

Obed muttered something about throwing away mercy on wasteful improvident vagabonds.

'The poor were about you by hundreds, nay by thousands; the earth was teeming with them. Their cry for help, by you ever unheeded, from you went to heaven with the story of its wrongs, with not one voice to say that you had sheltered, fed or clothed. Such as sought you, you taunted with the calamities which HEAVEN had cast upon them, as crimes of their own committing. The result came. Your house was shunned by every one who felt that sorrow and suffering formed a claim to aid and sympathy from all who belonged to the great brotherhood of man. I was your child, and had an errand to fulfil. Time was waning fast; the frosts of age were on your brow. What if eternity were reached and found you lost to mercy and to God!'

'Who are you?' demanded the old man sitting up in his bed, 'that you speak thus to me?'

'*As yet* your child!'

'I was afraid you had forgotten it,' replied he, 'now let me tell you I'll have no more of this.'

The girl looked sadly in his face. 'Be it as you have said, my mission's ended.'

As she spoke, she stood before him no longer a timid shrinking child. She still wore the semblance of her former self, but there was an air almost of glory about her person, and a majesty in her clear eye, from which all earthly passion had fled, and her low startling tones spoke like conscience.

'Now hear and see the hidden past, and from that divine the future.'

All about him seemed to whirl. The room, the furniture, the bed whirled and whirled, and then became a mist. The mist gathered into masses which filled all space, and pressed upon him. He shook with mortal fear, and closed his eyes, for he shrank from what was to come. Again the voice of Esther came stealing on his ear: so quiet yet so commanding that he could not but listen.

'Now hear the past as you know it not, and yet as you know it well. The flight of time rolls back upon itself, and as the curtain which shrouds the past draws back, I see a feeble, sickly boy with his head bowed at his mother's knee, his hands clasped, and his lips uttering a lisping prayer: a very feeble prayer to reach so far; yet whispered as it was, it ascended to the Great Throne, borne upward by the strong fervid supplication of her who brought him into being, and now sheltered him beneath her strong love. I saw her borne to her grave, and the boy, as yet a child, left to the care of strangers, beneath whose neglect the lessons of his childhood were swept away. His nature became stern, and he grew up a cold and hardened man, strong to fight the great battle of life, and struggle for the rewards of earth, without one thought of her who had sheltered his young life, without one thought of the great reckoning to come. Again I see him in his youth a plodding striving man, with earnest anxious brow and toil-hardened hands. He is sitting at a table with a book in his hand thumbed and well worn. It marks

the progress of his gains, and he pores and ponders over it, turning from it only to look at a small box near by which holds those gains, the story of which is written in the book. Upon a shelf near by there lies another book. It is dust-covered, and has been undisturbed for months; a spider has woven his web around it, and rests there in security. It is a book of promises, of promises which never fail.'

Obed turned uneasily in his bed. 'I know it well,' muttered he. 'My mother's BIBLE. She gave it when I was a boy, a very little boy.'

The girl did not seem to hear him. 'Promises made when the earth was in its infancy and humanity was tainted first with sin. Promises which have ever been fulfilled, and ever been renewed, as man's wants called them into birth, and whose glad realization shall exist when earth and man shall be swept away, and Time itself merged in the great ocean of which it forms a drop — Eternity.'

Obed raised his eyes, but he could not bear the earnest mysterious gaze that met his own. He trembled at her words; and yet he could not but love and reverence her, for he felt their truth like Holy Writ.

'Speak, I charge you,' said he with half-imploring, half-shrinking gesture; 'let me know the worst, who are you?'

'Hear the rest,' answered the girl. 'From childhood until now there was one commissioned from on high to guard and direct the footsteps of that man as he journeyed along the road which leads to the dark valley; and to point out the seed of good works which might be sowed on earth, and yield a glorious harvest for the garnerers of eternity. But he would none of her counsel. He heeded not her whisperings. Seared in conscience and flint in heart, he turned away from the calls of HEAVEN and fixed his eyes on earth.'

'O my child! my child! do not rebuke me thus,' said the wretched man clasping his hands, and bowing his head upon them. 'If I were hard to others I was never so to thee. If I labored to become rich, it was that you might enjoy it. If I loved gold, if I perilled all to get it, it was because my love for you was greater than all else! Do not speak thus. I cannot bear it.'

He bowed his head upon his clasped hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers.

'Your love to me was the last hope of heaven. The guardian spirit took her station at your side through life. In form your child, the object of your love and care; but still your guardian, with the same solemn duties, with the same high trust committed to her, and with that holy love alone as the last link of the golden chain to lead you from earth to heaven. With mortal form came mortal frailties, but far above all earthly cares was the high and holy purpose for which she came. Now tell me before I go, for earth is passed with me forever, was I recreant to my trust?'

The old man spoke not, for his heart was filled with its own communings. The memory of the past was sweeping through his mind, wasted opportunities, the great omissions, time speeding on and pointing to age, decrepitude and death. He dared not look up at his accuser. He dared not answer. At last the words, 'My child,' burst from his full heart, 'speak one word of

pardon for the past.' There was no response. Once more he looked up. His daughter lay lifeless before him. With a wild cry he flung himself at her side.

'Esther, dear child of my heart! guardian spirit! whoever thou art, come back; oh! leave me not forever!'

The lifeless form moved not; and as he struggled to raise her from the ground he saw standing at her side the semblance of herself, ethereal as a phantom, serenely beautiful, yet calm and passionless as ice. He stretched out his hand imploringly.

'If thou art she who has been life-long at my side, to keep me from sin, come back! By HIM who died upon the cross, I implore it. By HIM who heard the dying cry of one who led a life of crime, and sought His mercy only in the throes of death, and pardoned for His holy sake, pardon and return.'

'Man!' replied the spirit, 'I can never again be child of thine. While mortal means could lead you right, my errand was on earth. That time is past; the future is in the hand of HIM whom we all obey.'

'Yet hear me once again,' said the wretched man rising up and confronting the form, whose dim outline was shadowed still before him. 'By your own value of man's salvation! as you would not abandon a human soul to perdition, and consign it to everlasting woe, I charge you desert me not in this my hour of utmost need and deepest agony, when all that is good within me is battling for life against the power of evil. Daughter! spirit! whatever you are! you dare not thus desert me for whose redemption such a price was paid. There is a promise in the book which you, even you, oft read to me: 'That no call for mercy, however late, shall be unheeded; that no sin, however dark, but can be washed away.' You dare not thus desert your trust, and take your flight to HIM who sent you, with your errand unfulfilled; for my cry for mercy and pardon would follow you to His very feet and condemn you there.'

There was no response to his passionate appeal; and as he held out his hands imploringly, the dim form faded from his sight, all about him seemed to change, and a mist which had obscured his brain swept away. He was lying in his bed. The sunlight was streaming through the window; a bird was carolling on a tree near by, and his daughter was sitting at his bed-side holding his hand in hers. The old man clasped his arms about her and held her fast.

'My child, my own dear child! I promise all. I'll do all you ask. I never knew till now how great a debt I owe and how little of it I have paid: the great debt which riches owe to poverty.'

He bowed his head upon her shoulder; his gray locks mingling with her bright tresses, and still he kept his hold. He whispered in her ear:

'Send back John Wakeman's money. I'll not take it.'

His daughter looked at him with a bewildered air, and passed her hand affectionately over his gray hair, but made no reply.

'Don't tell me that it's too late,' said he passionately.

He looked at the table where John had left the money. There was nothing there.

'Where is it? I saw him count it out on that very table.'

Esther took his hand gently. 'You've been dreaming, father. You had a fall from your horse, and have been dreaming ever since.'

Could that strange sad scene be but a dream! If it were, he thanked God that it was so, and not a stern reality. Like the Israelite King of old he turned his face to the wall, but in silence, and with that silence were mingled prayers; prayers which were no longer idle words, but throve and bore fruit; and when he arose from his bed of pain—for he lingered there some days—his resolutions had taken shape, and settled in the one fixed purpose of spreading sunshine in his path and gladness in that of others. He felt that the dream was a revelation from on high, and that his daughter all unknowing was his guardian angel still.

The first thing he did was to visit Pepper. He examined him from head to heel, and thumped his ribs. There had always been a prodigious display of bone about Pepper, and it was all there still. 'That horse is a wonder,' muttered Obed. Pepper looked over his shoulder at him as if he agreed with him.

'We'll keep what we know to ourselves, wo n't we, Pepper?'

He tried to do so, but it was useless. Two old negroes and a woman had seen him on his mad race, and the adventure got wind. He denied it stoutly; but with his denial its circulation increased until it obtained the full credit which it merited; and it passed into a proverb when one was dealing with a hard creditor: 'May you ride on Obed Groot's hunt!'

From that eventful night he changed his ways. He sent for John Wakeman, and not only gave him time to pay his debt, but helped him forward in the world; so that in a few years he became a thriving, prosperous man.

As Obed indulged the feeling of benevolence and kindness to his fellow-man it grew and throve; so that his heart, from being of the size of a dried currant, waxed large and generous in its impulses; and a poor neighbor, whom he had rescued from poverty and vice, swore that it was as large as a pumpkin.

From being shunned, his house became the seat of hospitality; the corners of his mouth lost their old habit of turning down, and his chin was safe. His daughter was with him still, with her calm counsels cheering him on, with a husband to help her; and with several little guardian angels to tease and worry Obed, and climb his knee and pull his hair; but he gathered them in his arms, and declared that all the world could not produce their equals.

His only regret was, that he had not discovered the grand secret of happiness until so late; and that so much time had been wasted ere life's true labor had been commenced.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE UPPER AND LOWER AMOOR, AND THE RUSSIAN ACQUISITIONS ON THE CONFINES OF INDIA AND CHINA. By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., Author of 'Oriental and Western Siberia.' In one Volume: pp. 438. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE do not remember to have seen any notice of this work in the British reviews or journals; but the fact that it is dedicated 'by express permission' to 'Her Majesty, VICTORIA, Queen of Great-Britain and Ireland, Sovereign of the vast Indian Empire,' etc., etc., is a sufficient evidence that it is held, by the QUEEN's 'advisers,' to be a volume of more than ordinary interest and importance: of importance, especially, to the English statesman, who after a perusal of the book must find it impossible to shut his eyes to the fact that Russian territory has now very nearly approached the possessions of Great-Britain in India; and it may not unreasonably be expected that a government which advances in the East, at this rate of progress, may desire, sooner or later, to expand her territorial limits to the southward: the possible contingency of a farther stride across the Himalayas to Calcutta is something more than 'hinted at.' In his former work, our author introduced to his English readers scenes in a remote part of the globe, of which no other descriptions were available; attempting nothing beyond a narrative of observations and incidents, as they were noted down from day to day, to explain and illustrate his pictorial representations. In the work before us, the information, very agreeably and forcibly imparted, is of higher interest, and a more elevated character, and calculated to satisfy the wishes of the geologist, botanist, ethnologist, and other scientific scholars. The writer claims also to have 'laid open to British commerce a field of almost incalculable extent, where enterprise, skill and industry are sure to find a profitable investment.' Touching this fact, which is a matter of general congratulation, it may not be amiss to add here, that *American* enterprise was rife on the Amoor at the same time, and is unremittingly increasing its manifestations and 'demonstrations' in that promising, vast and distant region.

Mr. ATKINSON's book is enhanced in value and interest by a large and comprehensive map of Central Asia, from the Caspian Sea to the Pacific Ocean, including the regions between Cashmere and Peking on the South, and Siberia on the North, and by numerous illustrations from his own pencil, not a few of which are remarkable for their striking effect. We have seldom seen snow-clad mountain ranges, terrific rocky gorges, tumbling cataracts, so effectively depicted. We have never received until now a due impression of the vast Sibe-

rian *Steppes*, and the almost 'awe-full' aspect of the rugged character of that far northern scenery. The text which these pictures illustrate, may be regarded as constituting a series of 'drawings,' as might be expected from an author and artist 'rolled into one,' and each playing into the other's hands. We were not a little apprehensive, from the opening portions of the book, wherein our traveller gives us a specimen of bullying and bravado in a foreign and strange land, that we were to be favored with a very pompous, egotistical narrative: but as we read on, we were glad to find ourselves agreeably disappointed. Of incident, much of it of the deepest interest, there is no lack: nor does the writer obtrude the *ego* upon his readers more than is necessary to carry on the narrative effectively, and preserve the romantic and exciting details. It is written, for the most part, in simple, compact English. We notice an occasional slovenly passage or sentence: but even these serve rather to illustrate the general excellence of the style. Clearly printed, on good types and paper.

POEMS. By FRANCES S. OSGOOD. In one Volume: Edition of Blue and Gold: pp. 252. New-York: CLARK, AUSTIN, MAYNARD AND COMPANY: Park-Row and Ann-street.

THOSE of our readers who remember the speaking face and frail form of the departed author of this beautiful volume, will infer that feeling and refinement must be its characteristics, although they may never have read a line of the graceful and delicately-feminine poetry which it embodies: not that there is any lack of strength, but that that strength is the strength of a strongly-gifted, intellectual WOMAN. The writings of Mrs. Osgood, in connection with the productions of the 'Female Poets of America,' have heretofore been considered in these pages: our present object therefore is simply to call public attention to the edition before us, and by one or two brief extracts, to cause them to renew their admiration of one who wrote so feelingly and so well: whose inspirations were alike of GENIUS and of the HEART. Of the fervor which distinguished Mrs. Osgood's love of the 'divine art' which was her passion, some conception may be gathered from her deeply-thoughtful lines '*To the Spirit of Poetry*.' She is at the 'confessional' before the 'Spirit,' when she says:

'WELL do I know that I have wronged thine altar,
With the light offerings of an idler's mind;
And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
Leave me not, spirit! deaf, and dumb and blind!
Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers;
Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours!
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty
Still to beguile me on my weary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
And bless with radiant dreams the darkened day.'

We miss from this volume, we are sorry to say, two or three favorite effusions of Mrs. Osgood's; and one especially, on '*Slander*,' in which was embodied an exquisitely poetical simile. Those poems, however, which are retained

will make amends for any slight omissions. Observe how modestly she speaks of them: 'The author's chief fear, in collecting and publishing the following poems, is that they may not be thought worthy the notice of that just and true criticism, whose praise and blame are alike valuable, and would by her be equally welcomed and appreciated:' and this is all which composes her preface. We make a single extract, regretting only that 'many books' (of the making of which 'there is no end') compel us to be brief, if not curt, in our professional 'handling.' In '*Heaven is Over All*,' a MOTHER is addressing her 'precious Boy:'

'In weary paths, my precious boy,
Your faltering feet must fall;
But bear in mind, where'er you go,
That Heaven is over all.

'You're tripping through a garden now,
Where childhood loves to play,
And kind hands pull the flowers for you,
And throw the thorns away;

'And softly falls the tender light —
The breeze — 'tis joy to breathe it!
And if perchance a shower descends,
New blossoms wake beneath it;

'And sometimes in the desert bare,
Grief's bitter tears must fall:
But bear in mind, my boy, e'en there,
That heaven is over all!

'And sometimes over flinty rocks
Your tender feet must stray;
And sometimes in a tangled wood
You'll almost lose your way;

'And oft you'll sigh for childhood's home,
When gloomy scenes appal:
Oh! bear in mind, where'er you roam,
That Heaven is over all!

'Be sure a sunbeam, through that wood,
Will light you on your way;
Be sure, within that solitude,
Some living fount will play.

'And though the flinty rock should fret
Full long your weary feet,
There's moss upon its bosom yet,
Will make a pillow sweet.

'And now and then a balmy air
Will float with soft perfume,
And lovely blossoms here and there,
Will bless you with their bloom:

'But if the clouds should hide the sky,
And blinding rain should fall,
Remember, God is always nigh,
And Heaven is over all.

'Now, now, while yet in childhood's bower,
With that wild way in view;
Oh! *put your little hand in His*,
And He will lead you through!

'For if, with pure and patient heart,
With firm resolve and high,
You tread the path appointed, love,
And pass temptation by;

'A fairer home than childhood's home,
A fonder love than ours,
Await you at your journey's end,
In Heaven's own balmy bowers.

'Where'er you go, in weal or wo,
Whatever fate befall,
In sunny glade, in forest shade,
A *Heaven is over all!*'

The handsome little book is affluent in graceful poems of fancy, but we lack space to cite any 'sample' of them here. Why was not this clever impromptu of the author included in the collection? It illustrates her keen perception of *one* quality of wit, and in itself would not have been unworthy of Hood:

'Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip:
Sometimes, alas! we ship a sea,
And sometimes see a ship!'

The night after the death of this fair and gifted poetess, we passed with a mutual friend the dwelling in which her 'frail cold tenement' reposed. It was a bright moonlight night: and in front of the mansion, baring his brow, and lifting his eyes toward the 'wide o'erhanging firmament, fretted with golden fires,' he said solemnly: 'Peace, eternal peace, to her pure and gentle spirit!' Such will be the aspiration of all who shall peruse the imperishable thoughts which she has left upon the fair printed pages before us.

THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. BOSTON: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1861.

THIS is a work of more than ordinary interest. It is written in a lively and familiar style—none the less agreeable because of its occasional quaintness—and is brimful of genial humor, practical suggestions and good, solid common-sense. Just the work to take up when one feels a little sad and weary, or when some annoying or discouraging circumstances—of which every one is presumed to have his share—have ruffled his temper, or overspread with clouds his mental horizon. It is so thoroughly pervaded with good nature and good sense and valuable hints as to the ordering of both our inner and our outer world, that no one can read a single chapter without feeling that he has been brought by it into a kindlier mood, and made wiser than he was before. It possesses a marvellously refreshing and invigorating power. You feel, after rambling through its pages for a few hours, as if you had been looking at pleasant pictures, playing with little children, wandering in a beautiful flower-garden, or snuffing the fragrance of new-mown hay. It was written in the country, and has about it, to a remarkable degree, the odor and freshness of the country. You seem, while reading it, to be sitting upon mossy banks, or sauntering by the river-side and through winding woodland paths, and can almost smell the spring blossoms, and hear the bleating of the sheep, the song of birds, and the gurgling of brooks. If every 'country parson' would occasionally indulge in such 'recreations' as we have in this pleasant volume, we are not sure but his exercise would bless both himself and others more than his ordinary and more serious labors. The gown is here laid off in a good measure, and you meet only the kind, sympathizing, genial, judicious friend, who attracts you by an irresistible magnetism, and pours into your ear a copious stream of wisdom in a manner so agreeable, that it easily wins its way to your heart. We never thought in what an endless variety of ways any thing—an incident, an opinion, a doctrine, a character—may be 'put,' until reading the admirable chapter in this book on 'The Art of Putting Things.' In illustration of his subject, the author refers to the happy faculty of most editors of country newspapers at putting things in a favorable light.

'I often admire the country editor's skill in putting all things (save the speech of the opposition M.P.) in such a rosy light; nor do I admire his genial *bonhomie* less than his art. If a marquis makes a stammering speech, it is sure to be put as most interesting and eloquent. If the rector preaches a dull and stupid charity sermon, it is put as striking and effective. A public meeting, consisting chiefly of empty benches, is put as most respectably attended. A gift of a little flannel and coals at Christmas-time, is put as seasonable munificence. A bald and seedy building just erected in the High-street, is put as chaste and classical; an extravagant display of ginger-bread decoration is put as gorgeous and magnificent. In brief, what other men heartily wish this world were, the conductors of local prints boldly declare that it is. Whatever they think a great man would like to be called, *that* they make haste to call him. Happy fellows, if they really believe that they live in such a world, and among such beings as they put!'

Then in his beautiful chapter on 'The Moral Influences of the Dwelling,'

how sensibly the writer talks of the influence of our surroundings both natural and artificial, and what an amount of valuable instruction he here gives us! The chapter is excellent throughout; but we give one or two extracts, whose truthfulness all will acknowledge.

‘Now, in a quiet scene like this, where there is not even the little noise of a village near, though I can hear the murmur of a pretty large river, must not the ordinary human being be a very different being from what he would be were he sitting in some gas-lighted counting-house in Manchester, turning over large vellum-bound volumes, adding long rows of figures, talking on sales and prices to a hundred and fifty people in the course of the day, looking out through the window upon a foggy atmosphere, a muddy pavement, a crowded street, huge drays lumbering by with their great horses, with a general impression of noise, hurry, smoke, dirt, confusion, and no rest or peace? I know a man — an exceedingly clever and learned man — who in town is sharp, severe, hasty, a very little bitter, and just a shade ill-tempered, who on going to the country becomes instantly genial, frank, playful, kind and jolly; you would not know him for the same man if his face and form changed only half as much as his intellectual and moral nature. Many men, when they go to the country, just as they put off frock-coats and stiff stocks, and put on loose shooting-suits, big thick shoes, a loose soft handkerchief round their neck; just as they pitch away the vile hard hat of city propriety that pinches, cramps and cuts the hapless head, and replace it by the light yielding wide-awake; do mentally pass through a like process of relief; their whole spiritual being is looser, freer, less tied up.’

Prayers and pains must go together, alike in the physical and in the spiritual world. And I think it is now coming to be acknowledged by most rational beings, that houses ought to be pretty as well as healthy; and that houses, even of the humblest class, *may* be pretty as well as healthy. By the CREATOR’S kind arrangement, beauty and use go together; the prettiest house will be the healthiest, the most convenient and the most comfortable. And I am persuaded that great moral results follow from people’s houses being pretty as well as healthy. Every one understands at once that a wretched hovel, dirty, ruinous, stifling, bug-infested, dung-hill surrounded, will destroy any latent love of neatness and orderliness in a poor man; will destroy the love of home, that preservative against temptation which ranks next after religion in the heart, and send the poor man to the public house, with all its ruinous temptations.’

Here is a timely and merited reproof levelled at certain ‘injudicious clergymen who do all they can to discourage the games and sports of their parishioners,’ by impressing them with an idea of their sinfulness.

‘Let it be remembered, that if you pervert a man’s moral sense (which you may quite readily do with the uneducated classes) into fancying that it is wicked to use the right hand or the right foot, while the man still goes on using the right hand and the right foot, you do an irreparable mischief: you bring on a temper of moral recklessness, and help him a considerable step toward the gallows. Since people must have amusement, and will have amusement,

for any sake do not get them to think that amusement is wicked. You cannot keep them from finding recreation of some sort: you may drive them to find it at a lower level and to partake of it soured by remorse, and by the wretched resolution that they will have it right or wrong. Instead of anathematizing all play, sympathize with it genially and heartily. . . . Let it be here remarked that recreation can be fully enjoyed only by the man who has some earnest occupation. The end of the work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Play-time must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. It comes out by contrast. . . . It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off to the continent or the Highlands, just because he is sick of every thing around him; and quite another thing when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some worthy work to an end, on the self-same tour.'

With such like wisdom is this volume filled. It should be on the parlor-table of every family. And if a chapter should be read aloud from it every long winter evening, the listeners would not think it long, and certainly could not fail to profit by it.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By R. W. EMERSON. One Volume: pp. 238. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1860.

'THERE is nothing new under the sun.' There is no advice to be given on any subject which has not already been proffered; no lesson of experience; no suggestions to the young; no warning to the old; no praise; no judgment; no condemnation; no acquittal. The WISE MAN, thousands of years ago, cautioned the world against sloth, avarice, sensuality, pride, conceit and vain-glory. He advised against the very every-day errors which are still rife. He proclaimed the certain law of cause and effect in evil-doing. He declared for wisdom and integrity; he denounced madness and sin. There is not an element which enters into the composition of our present routine, not a practice nor habit which obtains in our present social state, which SOLOMON has not commented on, approved of or denounced. Verily, '*The thing which hath been it is that which shall be.*' To present old truths, old opinions, old judgments under such forms and in such combinations that they shall strike the mind as fresh and novel, is to be original. In fact it is all we can claim for the term originality. Various men have achieved this in various ways. Mr. WEBSTER reached it by investing the most simple idea in such simple language that it gave to it a momentous importance. CARLYLE arrived at the same by employing a style most extraordinary and vicious, which, while it was inexcusable in him, has done the world of letters irreparable injury by giving birth to hundreds of small imitators who reproduce nothing of the giant but his grotesque form. Mr. EMERSON also is original. We have watched his career the past twenty-five years with much interest. And he has always received, we believe, ample justice in the pages of this Magazine. In the beginning his

mind, grasping after the *rationale* of this world's conduct, and seeking to give utterance to thoughts as yet immature, Mr. EMERSON employed a style which, while it could not be called either hyperbolical or stilted, yet was unnatural — from the clouds: yet being from the clouds, was startling. We recollect years ago, *apropos* of some pending discussion, undertaking to translate one of Mr. EMERSON'S essays into ordinary English, and after the process how little was left that could be called original or striking? For all that, he started with the true plan, the plan which he recommends and dilates on in this work, to wit: finding out what you are apt for, and sticking to it. Mr. EMERSON is an apt thinker, and has stuck to that. Not satisfied at first with simple language, wherein the idea is always most forcibly clothed, he sought grotesque forms and out-of-the-way expressions. Had he been less in earnest, this would have been clap-trap. Had he been less genuine, he would have gone from bad to worse instead of to better. Not that we object sometimes to being surprised into reflection. When in one of his works he tells us '*the Present is a King in disguise*,' we pause, profoundly impressed. We are struck as by a new idea, and we do not seem aware that really it is but the old story about the value of the present moment. In '*The Conduct of Life*' we have, perhaps, the most practical of Mr. EMERSON'S works: that is, where we readily see most closely connected the idea and its application. The style too is comparatively clear and simple, (we congratulate the author for this emancipation from what was certainly a false though brilliant perversion of the well of English undefiled,) and if the reader takes up the book we promise him he will scarcely lay it down till he has reached the last page. To us it has all the interest of a romance. One runs no hazard in predicting the same for whoever lays hold of it. There are nine chapters. The headings are: 'Fate,' 'Power,' 'Wealth,' 'Culture,' 'Behavior,' 'Worship,' 'Considerations by the Way,' 'Beauty,' 'Illusions.' We intended to give some extracts from these, but in the attempt we encountered a difficulty of selection from *l'embarras des richesses*. Let the reader purchase the book.

We say that the style is clear, and so it is. Yet it is the style of a man who dwells too much in the region of thought. Mr. EMERSON has still another 'plane' to reach; that of the living, breathing actual, about which he *writes* so well. He has yet to *become* a portion of it. Mr. EMERSON is a close student of SCHILLER, and '*The Conduct of Life*' is much after some of the essays of the great German: practical to be sure, but *theoretically* practical.

Will our Boston friends forgive us when we say their favorite author smacks occasionally of the *provinces*? When Mr. EMERSON tells us: '*Society in large towns is babyish*;' he descends to mere puerility: he forgets that God made man to dwell in cities as well as on the plains; that strength comes from combination; that to our 'large towns' we owe our advance in all the arts and in all which requires wealth for its production and culture.

There pervades this work generally a healthy tone. But it has not, we confess, altogether the ring of the true metal. And sometimes we are ready to quote, by way of criticism, the response of the earnest and simple-hearted MARGARET, who answers to a pantheistic rhapsody of her lover, (in reply to her question if he were a believer:) 'What you say sounds very fine, and is very nearly what the priest tells me, only in different words. For all that, THOU HAST NO CHRISTIANITY!'

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM. By PETER BAYNE, M.A. First Series. In one Volume: pp. 426. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN. New-York: SHELDON AND COMPANY.

THIS, to our poor conception, is one of those pretentious but easily-written books, which, as CHARLES LAMB says, we at the same time 'detest and praise.' The contents are composed of contributions to '*an Edinburgh Magazine*;' if it had been BLACKWOOD, for example, the fact would no doubt have been mentioned in the Preface to the 'First Series:' in the introduction to the second, however, we learn that it was '*Hogg's Instructor*!' Mr. BAYNE is a *commentator*, merely: often a second-hand commentator, at that: a writer with not one particle of original genius, apt at words, the mere soulless mechanism of a verbose critic, who by associating his own with the names of the great men whom he 'assists to fame,' fancies that he is more a discoverer of the 'merits' which he points out, than ninety out of every hundred of the readers whose attention his very presumption may temporarily secure: we say 'temporarily' secure: because such biographical commentators as himself are of that class of labored 'pen-and-ink-men' who have, as the Germans express it, only '*once-readers*.' As Prince D'ARTOIS said to PHILIP KEMBLE, when he asked the illustrious exile to come a *second* time to the Edinburgh Theatre to witness his personation of FALSTAFF: 'Ah! no: one such fun it is enoff!' As the author has furnished a preface to the present volume, which he tells us in a note is intended to apply also to another one, with which we are to be favored by-and-by, we shall be justified in letting our readers know who Mr. BAYNE is, and also his *manner* of 'doing things.' 'The general contents of these essays,' he says, 'partake largely of the character of an introduction to the works of great authors, living or deceased.' That the said 'great authors, living or deceased,' ought to be very much obliged to Mr. BAYNE, we shall proceed to show, by exhibiting the claim which *he* has to represent them, and 'pat them on the head,' and by presenting a quoted 'testimony' or two as to '*how* he does it.' Observe the manner in which a young Scotch writer, who is 'nothing, if not critical,' (and he is n't critical,) speaks of DE QUINCEY. His style, he tells us, 'glideth at its own sweet will; now lingering to dally with the water-lilies, now wandering into green nooks to reflect the gray rock and silvery birch, now rolling in stately silence through the rich, smooth meadow, now leaping midst a thousand rainbows into the echoing chasm. He has a sure footing in dim and distant regions, where Phantasy piles her towers and raises her colonnades, and wraps all in her weird and wondrous drapery.' This and much more like it, is the *Bayneish* estimate of a style which was itself as pellucid as amber, instead of being a 'drapery of cloud and rainbow.' The truth is, that Mr. BAYNE is an evident, bald copyist of a very bad model. He has adopted the wordy, florid manner of windy GILFILLAN, whose very transient popularity must have tempted him into the same tangled path. Hence, in '*Tennyson and his Teachers*,' we are favored with his opinion of the 'Wizard of Waverley,' ('conveyed' from the worn-out term of 'Wizard of the North,') as a poet. In SCOTT's verse 'there sweep past and float into the mirror's magic deeps the grand forms of a mountain-land; the cataract leaping to music from the precipice; river hastening to meet river with a bridal kiss,' and the like:

also, the author of 'Waverley' has 'elaborate refinement,' and exhibits 'a thousand tints of loveliness:' added to which, he presents 'richness of coloring, with a studied and perfect symmetry, pertaining to the Ideal of Greece and GOETHE; rejoicing in dewy copse and sparkling flower, in golden corn and smiling meadow:' and of such, according to BAYNE, are the characteristics of Scott's poetry. What a clear picture he makes of it, does he not? He gives credit to the poetical merits of Lord BYRON. BYRON 'had passion.' His descriptions 'burn with a poetic personification. The live thunder leaps from crag to crag. The mountains have the hearts of men and exult to each other in the commotion they produce!' This is BYRON *Bayne-ified*: and we are glad to know that the general impression of BYRON, entertained by our scissors and pen-and-ink 'author' is, that the writer of '*Childe Harold*' 'depicted sentiments, scenes and emotions with surpassing power.' He *was* a clever bard, BYRON was; and as DOGBERRY says, 'It will go nigh to be *thought* so shortly;' now that we have the Scotchman's 'Scotch verdict.' Mr. BAYNE also indorses WORDSWORTH. With that meditative bard you 'stand on the mountain's brow, where is the still, unfathomable azure, and you seem to look, with calm eternal smile on the wild glittering, far below,' etc. We are farther informed that COLERIDGE exhibits a 'genuine poetical genius.' In 'rich and delicate melodiousness,' in 'deep inwoven harmony,' in 'aërial glow of coloring,' it is admitted by Mr. BAYNE that COLERIDGE was a master. We were about to give to the reader Mr. BAYNE's ideas of TENNYSON, *in extenso*: but on the whole, we had rather not: only let *this* be understood: Mr. BAYNE yields to the British Poet-Laureate the credit of employing 'a pearly delicacy of diction,' a 'golden languor,' (whatever *that* may be,) and a 'trance-like joy of calm.' His 'words gleam like pearls and opals, like rubies and emeralds,' and things of that description, of that sort! But let us make an end of Mr. BAYNE's plagiarisms, his platitudes and his pompous nothings, pausing only to add, that he thinks well of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE who, although in *his* judgment 'faulty' in some respects, was nevertheless a courageous person. For of him he says, as has frequently been said before, (or *he* would n't have thought of it,) that he had 'frequently been ably compared to CROMWELL.' This is a 'veritable *fact*,' and is likewise in itself *true*, and at this time of day, almost reaches the dignity of a *truism*. We invite attention also to the following literary and biographical judgment. As the beginning of a chapter in Hogg's '*Instructor*' of the unlettered Scottish peasants in the 'rural districts' of the 'Land-o'-Cakes,' it will 'pass muster,' and not be recognized a plagiarism of a thousand-times repeated comparison: '*We*' (that is, BAYNE) '*think* we find a singularly close parallel to the career of NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON in that of HANNIBAL and SCIPIO.' 'Think!' He does n't think at all: and he does n't even *think* he thinks, in penning this sentence: for he knows that it is as old and 'dry as a remainder biscuit.'

Mr. BAYNE confirms us in our belief that Mr. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was a 'smart man' and a good writer. Speaking of his renowned essay upon MILTON, he does him the justice to say:

'It was written in that speaking style, where the eye of the author, writing in all the fervor of generous enthusiasm, seems to flash from every line; it rolled on like a molten stream, glowing and impetuous; and when you looked, it seemed as if gold and pearls

had been lavishly thrown in, and all rushed down in princely magnificence. Amazement at the range of learning was heightened by its rare accuracy and minuteness; astonishment at the profusion of imagery was enhanced by its splendor, freshness, and exquisite point; and the sound heart rejoiced above all, that the genius, which was ministered to by such taste and such treasures, was kindled and presided over by noble sentiment and devotion to truth. The hand that drew the portrait of DANTE, it was felt, possessed a strength and a precision of touch which might add many a deathless portrait to our national gallery of fame; the magazine of literary adornment, in which were ranged — all, it appeared, equally ready to the hand — the terrors of *Æschylus* and the flowers of *Ariosto*, the facts of history and the colors of fiction, seemed inexhaustible; and the eye which, with sympathetic fire, gazed across the intervening years to the men of England's noblest time, with a glance of proud recognition, was at once believed to possess a power of vision capable of penetrating far and deep into the recesses of our history. The sensation created by the appearance of this essay was, from all we have been able to learn, profound.

But we have done with this 'highfaluting' 'thing in Book's clothing,' as CHARLES LAMB terms such wooden, pen-and-ink exertions. We somewhat doubt if any American publisher hereafter will try to influence American literary opinion and taste by the second-hand 'criticism,' (HEAVEN save the mark!) of a second-hand Scotchman.

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By EDWARD GIBBON, Esq. With Notes by the Rev. H. H. MILMAN, Prebendary of St. PETER's, and Rector of St. MARGARET's, Westminster. A New Edition, to which is added a Complete Index to the whole Work. In Six Volumes. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE AND COMPANY. 1860.

We cannot help thinking of the vast labors undertaken by its author, in order to bring to harmonious completion the noble historical structure, whose title we have just announced. The asserter of 'manifest literary destiny,' the orthodox believer in the 'election' of certain classes of minds to certain departments of intellectual activity, can find no illustration more apt, no 'ensample' more striking, than that of EDWARD GIBBON. He was born the historian of the Roman Empire. He himself says that from his early youth he aspired to the character of a historian; and the careful and reflecting reader of the man's history, as revealed in his 'Memoirs,' in his 'Literary Journal,' and in his 'Essai sur l'Etude,' may see how every condition, every event, every apparent accident even, contributed impetus to this impulse and fulfilment to this destiny. Nay, with these his very calamities coöperated. His early days were days of feebleness and disease; so precarious was his life in its tenure, that 'in the baptism of each of his brothers, his father's prudence successively repeated his Christian name of EDWARD, that in case of the departure of the eldest son, this patronymic appellation might be still perpetuated in the family.' Thus shut out from the boisterous sports of boyhood, he solaced himself by the eager perusal of the *Universal History*, HEARNE's '*Ductor Historicus*,' LITTLEBURY's lame *Herodotus*, and SPELMAN's valuable *Xenophon*, 'the pompous folios of GORDON's *Tacitus*, and a ragged *Procopius* of the beginning of the last century. . . . From the ancient he leaped to the modern world: many crude lumps of SPEED, RAPIN, MEZERAY, DAVILA, MACHIAVEL, FATHER PAUL, BOWER, etc., he devoured like so many novels; and he swallowed with the

same voracious appetite the descriptions of India and China, of Mexico and Peru.' He speaks of his delight at discovering, in his fourteenth year, 'a common book, the continuation of ECHARD's Roman History.' The second and third volumes of HOWELL's 'History of the World,' and SIMON OCKLEY's 'History of the Saracens' speedily follow: and we are quite prepared for the statement, that before he was sixteen he 'had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and Turks;' and that 'the same ardor had urged him to guess at the French of D'HERBELOT, and to construe the barbarous Latin of Pocock's Albufaragius.' All this implies, of course, some time given to ancient geography, tables, annals, and systems of chronology! No surprise need be felt on reading that at fifteen years of age he began to write a book, 'The Age of Sesostris,' which, incomplete, was some twenty years later 'committed to the flames.' History again!

It is needless to say, that GIBBON made himself expert in Latin and Greek, and that he read extensively in the imperishable literature of those tongues. With what discrimination and reflection he read, may be seen in the pages of his History, where, scattered up and down, estimates and criticisms of his authors abound. His familiarity with French may be inferred from his having produced his 'Essai sur l'Etude' in that language. But we have no space to speak in detail of his studies. They all point one way, they are all cumulative steps leading to the temple of History.

GIBBON's social position, moreover, was eminently favorable to his success. The eldest son of a father who, if he could not boast great wealth, yet enjoyed what in wealthy England passes for a competence, he was enabled to mingle on equal terms with the most eminent public men, with the high-born, the cultivated and accomplished. His own testimony on this point we possess. He says: 'I may believe, and even assert, that in circumstances more indigent or more wealthy, I should never have accomplished the task, or acquired the fame, of an historian; that my spirit would have been broken by poverty and contempt, and that my industry might have been relaxed in the labor and luxury of a superfluous fortune.' On the Continent he corresponded with M. CREVIER, the successor of ROLLIN, with Professor BREITINGER of Berlin, and with the celebrated Professor MATTHEW GESNER. Of course difficult passages in Livy and Justin formed the topics of their epistles!

It is remarkable, too, with what promptness and eagerness he turned his various experiences to historical account. He served two years and a half as captain in a volunteer regiment, and 'imbibed the rudiments of the language and science of tactics, which opened a new field of study and observation.' He 'diligently read and meditated the *Memoires Militaires* of QUINTUS ICLIVS, (Mr. GURCHARDT,) the only writer who has united the merits of a professor and a veteran. The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire.' Instances might easily be multiplied.

And what a propitious moment was that in which was revealed to him the field upon which to display his immense accumulations — the channel through which were to pour along the pent-up streams of his historical erudition and energy. He revolved many historical subjects, such as the Expedition of

CHARLES the Eighth of France into Italy, the Crusade of RICHARD the First, the Barons' wars against JOHN and HENRY the Third, the history of EDWARD the Black Prince, the lives and comparisons of HENRY the Fifth and the Emperor TITUS, the life of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, and that of the Marquis of Montrose, and finally fixed on Sir WALTER RALEIGH as his hero. But it was not to be: he quickly cast it aside. Then he declares his preference above all others to be the History of the Liberty of the Swiss: 'but the materials are inaccessible to him, fast locked in the obscurity of an old barbarous German dialect, of which he is totally ignorant, and which he cannot resolve to learn for this sole and peculiar purpose.' In like manner he contemplated and rejected the History of the Republic of Florence under the house of MEDICIS. After reading and studying something less than an Alexandrian Library by way of preparation, he visited for a second time the Continent, directing his course toward the Eternal City. Here it was that his destiny met him. Familiar as is the passage in which the dawning of the idea is described, we cannot forbear again quoting it: 'It was at Rome, on the fifteenth of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of JUPITER, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city rather than of the empire: and though my reading and reflections began to point toward that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that work.' — We commend this beautiful 'Library Edition' to our readers.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1861. First Number of the Seventeenth Volume. Edited by T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Philadelphia: Number 323 Walnut-street.

THIS excellent Monthly — whose circulation we are pleased to learn is steadily on the increase — is strictly what its name imports, a *Home Magazine*. And to say that it fulfils the lofty requisites of such a journal better than any other with which we are acquainted, is bestowing upon it high but well-merited praise. It aims not to be very learned or very profound, but to furnish such simple, agreeable, and wholesome mental nutriment as every judicious parent should desire to provide for his family. It has a corps of writers, if not the most brilliant and scholarly, certainly among the most sensible, chaste, high-minded and pure in our country. Its articles, never long and always sprightly, uniformly aim to present some pleasing picture of domestic or social life, to inculcate some useful moral lesson. Beside a rich variety of literary matter, each number contains a 'Mother's Department,' a 'Health Department,' and a 'Boy's and Girl's Department,' along with 'Hints to Housekeepers,' and 'Toilette and Work-Table.' As a Magazine for the home circle, therefore, this stands unrivalled. And its sweet, cheerful, genial spirit, united with an elevated and pure morality, cannot fail to render it an agreeable and instructive visitor in every family whose doors are open to its reception.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EXCERPTS FROM THE EDITORIAL AND LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER, WITHIN THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.— We have almost been led to regret that we should have made the promise to our readers to present them with a series of articles, 'lengthwise'-ly described as above. We say 'regret,' because we know nothing so saddening to the mind as the perusal of a multitude of letters, extending over a period of years, written in the pleasant, familiar confidence which an Editor establishes between his readers and himself, when the hands of many of those who penned these friendly missives have long been but dust in the grave. The touching present thought; the heart-beat, the '*pulsation* of the soul through the pen,' as a German poet has expressed it; the sudden 'quip' or 'quirk;' the recalled incident which makes you 'a boy again;' all these, 'and many numbers moe,' come up from a 'Past' which, at the longest, is but a little space in time, but how full, how *crowded*, with varied reminiscence! Here are marriage announcements and congratulations; death-deplorings and condolences; feasts and funerals; fair notes from refined and hospitable hosts; black-bordered notices from the sextons of their churches: all preserved with the letters and recollections of the departed, which alone give to these memoranda any significance.

These papers will be very desultory. We shall observe no chronological arrangement in their presentment. As the incidents with which they are connected arise to our mind, we shall jot them down: and now, partly in illustration of a preceding remark, and in part that a cluster of letters from friends and correspondents at home and abroad, suggest the thought, let us depict *A Scene at Old Knick's Table*.

'Last Thursday twelve-month,' writes Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, in a letter to us dated 'Devonshire-Terrace, London, Second March, 1843,' 'we dined at your house.' Of the guests who were present with us on that one occasion, whose numerous letters are before us, and who were honored correspondents of our Magazine, let us say a few words in passing: for in so doing, we desire to show that, as we have said, the saddening part of this our task is not the least of its prominent features. Let us speak first, 'in love, honor and reverence,' of those who were with us then, but who have since gone hence, and will be no more seen of men:

'Who have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.'

Where is the refined, the amiable, the *good* Bishop WAINWRIGHT: where is the accomplished HENRY BREVOORT, the fine scholar, clear observer and admirable critic: where his life-long FRIEND, and Boyhood's and Manhood's companion, WASHINGTON IRVING? Where is HENRY CARY, the grave, the gay, the appreciative 'JOHN WATERS'? where DAVID GRAHAM, Jr., the noble orator, the ready writer? where HENRY INMAN, the renowned portrait-painter? Here, and in the KNICKERBOCKER, are the private and characteristic mementoes and records of all these: but one after another they have all passed away, leaving a void, which when shall it be filled? Happy, thrice happy, is it to remember, that other friends and contributors, who helped to compose that (to us) memorable assemblage, not only 'still live,' but at mature and ripened age, are hale and hearty: BRYANT and HALLECK, for example: 'AGE, *frosty* but kindly' in its approaches only, has visited *them*.

We remember, as it were but yesterday, much of the pleasant and instructive conversation and anecdote which occurred between the several friends we have mentioned: much, particularly, of what passed between the especial guest, Mr. DICKENS, and Mr. IRVING, Mr. INMAN, Mr. BRYANT, and DAVID GRAHAM. Touching this, we may have occasion briefly to speak hereafter.

Apropos of Mr. DICKENS, several passages of whose entertaining and characteristic correspondence will 'turn up' in their place, we may here pause for a single moment, to quote from the letter we have mentioned a brief passage; because in its very opening it sets at rest the assertions which have been made by certain Scottish and we believe one or two English critics, that Mr. DICKENS' stories were constructed at hap-hazard, from month to month, and that his incidents and characters were an every-day study, and not creations. Mr. DICKENS writes, nearly twenty years ago:

'I do n't think you will like 'Chuzzlewit' less as it goes on. *I particularly commend Mr. Pinch and a sister of his, who will one day appear upon the scene, to your favorable consideration.*' . . . 'Let us lay a wager upon that copy-right business: what impossible odds shall I set against some piece of property of yours, that we shall be in our graves and out of them again in particles of dust impalpable, before those honest men at Washington care one miserable damn for MIND?' . . . 'AH! that unfulfilled promise of mine! If I should ever have a chapter or scene that I can send to you — but I will lay down no more pieces of stone in the Infernal Pavement.'

Now 'TOM PINCH' and this 'sister of his' were at this time *conceptions* merely, and did not appear as 'created' characters for more than six months after this letter was written. The charge against his later works, as having been written at random, without plot or plan, was met by Mr. DICKENS at the time, and thoroughly and effectually disproved. But all this in passing.

Our 'Original Papers' proper, in the present number, extend farther, by many pages, than in previous issues of our Magazine: our 'Literary Notices,' also, have somewhat over-passed our usual bounds, both as regards number and length. Hence our present 'TABLE,' to present its accustomed variety of '*pièces de resistance*' and side-dishes, already in type, (some of which were prepared for our last number,) must be economized as to space. We desire the reader, therefore, to consider the present as the simple *opening* of our

Intermingled Notes of Knickerbocker Editorial Narrative and Correspondence.

We present a few segregated passages from the editorial correspondence of Mr. LONGFELLOW, who was among the first, as he was for very many years among the most popular, of all the correspondents of the KNICKERBOCKER. The excerpts for which we find room extend over a period from 1834 to 1839. It is a pleasure to look back to the 'days of long ago,' (twenty-six years,) and find our eminent correspondent expressing the same favorable opinion of our Magazine which he entertained while it was giving the writings of IRVING, and BRYANT, and all his own 'Psalms of Life' and 'Voices of the Night,' to the public through these pages, and which we happen to know he entertains to the present moment. Writing from Bowdoin College, on the twentieth of July, 1834, Mr. LONGFELLOW says:

'I do not know how your subscription-list stands; but I know that the reputation of your magazine stands high. Your efforts have met with at least this success. I am happy to see you so zealous in the cause of the KNICKERBOCKER; and so long as this zeal continues, I have no doubt of your complete success. Never was magazine born with so good a name. I give you my best wishes; and whenever it is in my power, shall give you what little aid I can.'

In October, of the same year, our friend and correspondent opens an admirably-gossiping letter with the following passage. We have just been reading it to-night, in the pauses of the wintry wind ravening over the Tappaan-Zee, to 'Dame KNICK,' the 'courted' and wedded 'girls,' and *one* of the 'wooing boys,' prophetically alluded to:

'PERMIT me to congratulate you upon your marriage, which I see announced in the New-York papers. May you live long and happily with your fair lady:

'And when with envy Time transported
Shall think to rob you of your joys,
She in her girls again be courted,
And you go wooing in your boys.'

'Let me congratulate you also upon your brother's joining you in the editorship of the KNICKERBOCKER. I think it an excellent arrangement—a union of the Lucky Dog and the Happy Man; and surely you must be happy, having wed both a wife and a brother. May all go 'merry as a marriage-bell.' . . . 'What do you think of the 'Coplas de Manrique?' Would it not be a good plan to embody it with 'Ouvre Mer? I think it would.'

The following passages are from a letter written at Cambridge, January eleventh, 1837, to our twin-brother at Philadelphia, congratulating *him* upon his engagement and approaching nuptials, while recording the death abroad of his own cherished wife:

'THIS is sinful. I ought to have written you sooner. Day treads upon the heels of day; and one after another they pass away with such gigantic strides, that I cannot keep pace with them; nor unto me do they 'utter forth knowledge' to any remarkable degree. I told your brother why I did not write you from over-sea. After a few short months our tour of pleasure was turned into a funeral procession, as you know. Under such circumstances a man has no heart to write; no, not even to his best friends. God grant that you may never know what this meaneth!

'LEWIS told me of your engagement. When a good man weds (as when he dies)

angels lead his spirit into a quiet land, full of holiness and peace, full of all pleasant sights, and 'beautiful exceedingly.' Your dreams will not be realized: *dreams* never are; but the reality will differ from and be a thousand fold sweeter than any dreams. The blessing of a friend go with you. May you oft enjoy 'a look into a pure, loving eye; a word without falseness to a bride without falseness; and close beside you in the still watches of the night, a soft-breathing breast, in which there is nothing but Paradise, a sermon and a mid-night prayer!' These words are from a German writer. Beautiful, are they not? *Appropos* of German writers. In one of your **KNICKERBOCKER** pieces you introduced some lines from GLUCK, beginning:

'METHINKS it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er canopies the west,' etc.

Can you send me a copy of the entire piece, and tell me where I can find the original German?

Pardon a few reflections here. How very short was the union upon which the writer's friend is here so fervently and beautifully congratulated! Within two years the young wife and mother was in her grave:

'YES! while the morning of her years was brightest,
That angel-presence into dust went down:
While yet with rosy dreams her rest was lightest,
DEATH for the olive wove the cypress-crown:
Sleep, which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom,
O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes:
Spared in her bower connubial one fair blossom,
Then bore her spirit to the upper skies!'

Of that 'fair blossom,' spared only for a few short years, that fond, loving father afterward wrote: 'To those who are disposed to glean philosophy from the mayhap less noticeable objects of this busy world, there are few sights more lovely than childhood. The little cherub who now sits at my knee and tries with tiny effort to clutch the quill with which I am playing for you, good reader; whose capricious taste, varying from ink-stand to paper, and from that to books, and every other portable thing—all 'movables that I could tell you of'—he has in his little person those elements which constitute both the freshness of our sublunary mortality, and that glorious immortality which the mortal shall yet put on. Gazing upon his fair young brow, his peach-like cheek, and the depths of those violet eyes, I feel myself rejuvenated. That which bothered NICODEMUS is no marvel to me. I feel that I have a new existence; nor can I dispel the illusion. It is harder, indeed, to believe that he will ever be what I am, than that I am otherwise than he is now. I cannot imagine that he will ever become a pilosus adult, with harvests for the razor on that downy chin. Will those golden locks become the brown auburn? Will that forehead rise as a varied and shade-changing record of pleasure or care? Will the classic little lips, now colored as by the radiance of a ruby, ever be fitfully bitten in the glow of literary composition?—and will those sun-bright locks, which hang about his temples like the soft lining of a summer cloud, become meshes where hurried fingers shall thread themselves in play? By the mass, I cannot tell. But this I know. That which hath been, shall be: the lot of manhood, if he live, will be upon him; the charm—the obstacle—the triumphant fever—the glory, the success—the far-reaching thoughts,

—'THAT make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years.'

'Pass but a little while,' and in the same white marble vault, by the side

* of his beloved companion 'gone before,' lies the FATHER of his BOY: and when a few short years are over, the BOY himself, just entering young 'child-manhood' lies between them. And there they rest, in dust and cold obstruction!

Our host of the old New-York Waverley Hotel is no longer among us: so there can be 'no offence, no offence in the world,' in presenting this pleasant gossip touching a sham bottle of *Schloss Johannisberger Cabinet Wein*, which 'it was hoped might please,' but which *did n't* 'please' 'by a considerable, if not more.' Understand that it is August, 1838:

'MY DEAR CLARK: Will not this 'Psalm of Life' do well on the front and first page of your next number? Is it not true? Has it not some spirit in it? If, however, you dislike it, into the *fire* with it. (Do you keep *fires* now?) . . . How do you do, Mr. CLARK? How do you like the *Schloss Johannisberger Cabinet Wein* at the Waverley, that house 'to which a Philadelphian *may go*'—'that *bore* to which no traveller returns,' and to which I do not think WILLIS will return often: do you? Of all the Waverley Novels, that 'Tale of my Landlord' about the Johannisberger was the most decided failure. It was really too bad to try to impose on WILLIS, who in the warmth of his humane great heart, had done the man much service, and at that very moment was endeavoring to do him much more. Commend me to 'Astoria!'

'After our 'quick farewell' we pursued our way up the North River. I had a very pleasant evening, sitting on deck with D — and Miss C —. The steamer had a decided pulmonary complaint, and coughed all night. I thought it would raise blood before we reached Albany. Miss C — was of the same opinion. We shared our fears, and made them double: and D — told a shocking adventure of his on one of the great lakes, in a burning sinking steamer, which raised our fears to the *fourth power*. During the night we ran into a sloop and then ran aground. . . . I have just had a glimpse of the KNICKERBOCKER: and thank you for the superb manner in which you do the *Anglo-Saxon*.'

The bottle of pseudo Johannisberger was not soon forgotten. Writing to WILLIS some time after the foregoing was penned, Mr. LONGFELLOW says:

'You have got safe back again, I see, and speak with a wink of the *Waverley Novels*; and the Cabinet Johannisberger, which to mine host was indeed a *great unknown*. How he tried to cheat us, and how he could not do it! . . . Hints and glimpses now and then in the Gazette show that you are stout again, and out again; which I am right glad to hear. Since my return I have been quite out of health, and had such horrible *dissolving* colds that I thought I should suffer the fate of that, unfortunate individual who blew himself out through his nose entirely, and left nothing but a hole in his handkerchief! However, I am now better, owing principally I believe to my *bonhominy*. . . . Since my return I have thought often of you, and the hospitable reception you gave me in Philadelphia; and the grand time I had with you, and so forth. I have been hard at work, and am sick of it almost. 'Hyperion' is nearly done; only two chapters more, and I am free. I begin to feel lighter already. By the way, that 'Psalm of Life' which I repeated to you one night, as we lay in the fire-light of your chamber, I have sent to LEWIS, and it will come out in the May KNICKERBOCKER. . . . 'Do you know what would be a grand foot-journey? Why, all through the western part of your State, among the German towns and villages, among the Dutch Fraus and Fraileins; and I have thought of it often. Nothing sets a man on his feet like walking. It does one good for a whole year to walk a month. I pray you write me soon, and tell me whether the *Monster* (NICHOLAS BIDDLE) is going to travel beyond the sea, as they say he is.'

A passage in the following amused WILLIS very much. The signature was written with a 'free pen,' and was as perfect a *fac simile* as we ever saw. The date is July, 1839 :

'I HAD the pleasure of receiving your last, two days ago; and wish in this my answer I could fold you up a 'Psalm or Something,' for your next number. But it may not be, as no 'Psalm nor Nothing' has sung itself through my lips of late. Since I last wrote you I have been ill. In fact ever since I last saw you I have been so; all the spring suffering, and finally obliged to give up all work and get well; which I have not yet fully accomplished, though I am better. Next week I hope to see you. I shall be in New-York, say on Wednesday or Thursday. You will find me at W——'s with whom I am to pass a few days, in the absence of his family.' . . . 'WHEN does WILLIS sail? His going to Europe reminds me of the old lady's dying. She used to call her family up every night to take a final leave: got into a habit of doing it, and liked it. WILLIS does the same. Every now and then comes a note saying: 'I'm off next week. Send letters of introduction. Don't fail. Good by. God bless you.

'Yours truly,

WILLIS G. CLARK.'

'One acts accordingly; sends letters in blank cover, addressed to LEWIS in New-York; and some three weeks afterward finds out it is 'no go.' When I see him swung off I shall believe he has gone.

'FELTON was duly rebuked by your message, which I read to him; laughed, then turned round and said: 'When do you go to New-York?' 'On Thursday.' 'Well, I will send something by you.' Perhaps he will send his regards.

'Notwithstanding my words about psalm-singing, I shall probably bring you a poem from the German: merely because you like that one in COLMAN so much. Don't have any *bad* poetry put in to fill up, will you? This is really good, but must be anonymous.'

The subjoined was a rebuke to a correspondent who was somewhat *too* critical, not knowing exactly whereof he wrote:

'As to the wind Euroclydon, it is blowing now a fearful blast through the night, here in Cambridge. What makes your friend imagine that this wind blows only in the Mediterranean? Because it was first called Euroclydon in those regions? The same may be said of *Boreas* and *Sirocco*. No; the word indicates a north-east wind, coming over the sea. Look into any good Greek lexicon, and you will find some such definition. The only place in which I have seen the word used before is in PAUL's shipwreck in the Acts. Just consult 'Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament.' To save you the trouble I copy out his definition for you: 'Εὐροκλύδων, *Euroclydon*, a tempestuous wind, Acts 27: 14; from Εὖρος, *Eurus*, east-wind; and κλύδων, a wave.

'PASSOW, a great authority, defines it 'a violent storm-wind which throws up the waves of the sea.' I could give you some dozen authorities were it necessary. You may rely upon it, I knew what I was saying when I used the word.' . . . 'I AM sorry I have no psalm for your next number. I have been very much engaged of late in getting out my poems; a copy of which will be sent you in a day or two. How does MAGA flourish?' . . . 'THE KNICKERBOCKER stands high in this quarter. It is infinitely superior to most of the Magazines, English or American.'

Here the faithful compositor clips us short with the announcement, that the number is over-full by more than six pages. And we pause 'according,' until we resume communication with our readers in an ensuing number.

PANIC 'AFLOAT.'—We remember, and very vividly remember too, a little circumstance which occurred at our old publication-office in Nassau-street, near Beekman, opposite the venerable Dr. SPRING's 'Brick Church,' the next day after the melancholy destruction by fire of the 'HENRY CLAY' steamer, on the Hudson River, not far from the pleasant village of Yonkers. A gentleman, at that time interested in the exhibition of the '*Aztec Children*,' (the same now 'on view' at our old friend BARNUM's Museum,) dropped in upon us in the morning: and we asked casually what success 'The Children' had met with in Philadelphia, whither they had been removed from the metropolis some two weeks previously, and where, as we had gathered from the daily journals, they were exciting marked attention and curiosity, particularly among medical men and 'natural'-ists. 'They are doing extremely well, I hear from Mr. M——,' (his partner,) was the reply: 'but I have not *been* in Philadelphia myself: I am but just returned from the North: I was on board the 'HENRY CLAY' steamer yesterday afternoon, at the time she was b-u-r-n-e-d.' 'Is it possible!' we exclaimed; for our feelings had been set all a-glow by the particulars of that terrible disaster, with which all the morning papers were filled: 'is it possible that you were on board that ill-fated vessel?—and how did you manage to escape!' 'The escape,' he said, 'was somewhat difficult, but it was premeditated. I was seated aäft, conversing with a friend, when the flames burst forth forward, and soon enveloped the middle portion of the steamer. The boat was turned toward, and had quite neared, in fact, the shore, and was leaning slightly river-ward. I saw how matters were going: so I sayd to my friend: 'Let us make an attempt to save ourselves at least from being burned to death, if not from drowning.' Of course me measures were taken at wence. I saw, at a glawnce, as the steamer careened, that there was a species of e-er-a slight *rib*, or *bead*, upon the side of the wheel-house: I looked at my finger-nails—you perceive I wear them somewhat long—and immediately inferred, as the vessel was nearing the shore, that I could *hold on* thereby, and so paäss *outside* the raging flame, sufficiently far forward to drop near shoreward, and thus elude imminent destruction by a 'sudden and violent death.' No time was to be lost: and as my presence-of-mind never deserts me, I made the attempt—walked carefully along the narrow edge, or raäther thin ledge, holding on above with my finger-nails, as I have mentioned—then jumped off, and paässed on through the water to the shore. I had suggested to my friend, with whom, as I have sayd, I was conversing at the moment the flames burst forth, to follow me example—and he *did* so.' 'And *he* was saved, too!' we interrupted, 'was he not!' 'Not so,' was the reply: 'ah, no: he was a nervous person: his finger-nails were short: he fell off—and was d-r-o-w-w-n'd!' We wish we could give, typographically, the perfect *sound* of this last word, and others like it in this sketch, as conveyed by the speaker. The entire presence of mind, the coolness, the precision, the slight affectation, as we thought, of the pronunciation, made an ineffaceable impression upon our mind. But after all, it is a matter rather to *tell* than to *describe*. You can hardly convey motion, and look, and sound, with a pen. And we only mention the 'circumstance' in this place, because it was brought forcibly to our recollection in

reading just now a brief sketch from a California correspondent, contained in a letter to the EDITOR, describing a *Panic on Board a Steam-boat*, voyaging one memorable night from Sacramento City to the 'City of the Golden Gate,' Saint FRAN CISCO, with individual branches of the same KNICKERBOCKER name from our own well-beloved Gotham :

'WHILE I lived (says our correspondent) in Sacramento City, my presence was unexpectedly and suddenly required in San-Francisco. I took the first steamer down the river, which happened to be the old propeller '*Hartford*.' Her fare was low, and she was full of passengers. Every berth and table-space about the cabin was occupied by tired travellers. After night set in, the hours glided slowly by: weary forms accommodated themselves to all sorts of uncomfortable positions; until there remained awake only some half-dozen persons, who were playing cards on one of the extension-tables. Two of these tables stood just in front of the berths, which were arranged in tiers on either side of the cabin; and upon that where the players were engaged, two large globe-lamps had been placed, a considerable distance apart, the feeble light from the crusted wicks of which enabled them to continue their game: but as they waxed sleepy, they ceased dealing, and one by one passed into 'Dream-land' where they sat.

'Reposing upon a stool, with my back supported by an iron pillar, one of several which upheld the deck, I amused myself by observing the scene. Under a table, with a blanket wrapped about him, a slouched hat upon his head, from beneath which hung masses of tangled hair and beard, untrimmed and uncombed, with cow-hide boots upon his feet — reclined a miner, perhaps going homeward from the field of his labors in search of a 'pile.' By his side a poncho-clad Chileno sonorously snored; and next to him, a Mexican from the folds of his serape echoed the deep respiration of his neighbor. There were Germans, French and Spaniards. Erin had its representatives; and I also noticed one or two Kanakas, beside several Indians. In short, my eyes fell upon natives of almost every country 'from China to Peru.' These strange bed-fellows were all sunk in profound slumber, whither I also was fast tending, when an occupant of one of the upper berths, startled no doubt by the night-mare, sprang suddenly upon a table, breaking one of its lids, thereby upsetting and demolishing a lamp, the fragments of which, together with the broken wood, fell on the sleepers beneath with a loud crash. In an instant all was confusion: the first outcries of astonishment, uttered in many languages, were quickly drowned by the tumult which ensued. What I saw, and I believe I was the sole spectator of the crisis which followed, who knew the real cause of the alarm — must have happened within a space of two or three minutes. Only while the remaining lamp cast a shadowy light over the panic-stricken passengers, (for it was speedily broken in the general rush,) did I see their actions. But simultaneously aroused by the clamor to the horrors, as they supposed, of an explosion, in a moment every being leaped from his recumbent posture; those from the higher berths jumped upon both tables, producing a crashing concussion that doubly appalled those who had been reposing underneath. Shrieks of affright, exclamations of despair, loud cries for help, and lamentations for hard-earned gold, which must now be abandoned in the scramble for existence, rose above the din of crashing furniture, hasty collision and common chaos, as every one with like impulse eagerly sought the companion-way as a means of escape to the deck; for all were apparently impressed with the idea of impending destruction by drowning or by steam, and the most energetic efforts for self-preservation were made. Some there were, however, who, although apprehensive of their own danger, were yet not entirely absorbed in selfishness, even in this moment of terrible excitement; but calling loudly upon their friends, they ran hither and thither seeking them. Those who had slept in the berths were partially disrobed, and some

had secured their valuables under a pillow or beneath a mattress. One or two such I remarked, who first seized a pair of boots or a coat, but quickly recollecting their jewelry or gold-dust, they dropped their apparel to save the coveted treasure; and returning either to the wrong bed, or failing to find the particular spot where lay the hidden deposit, disappointed and desperate, they once more grasped a garment, and precipitated themselves into the struggle.

'Divers dialects mingled in tones varying from prayer to profanity; and, as the frightened throng mingled and grappled together for egress to the open air, the balustrades of the companion-ladder were crushed; which so much increased the commotion that during several minutes none succeeded in escaping from the cabin. In vain did I call aloud, and endeavor to explain the nature of the accident: my remonstrances were unheard or unheeded amid the turmoil. Soon, too, I began to be pressed by the crowd in their impetuosity; and my whole strength was required to enable me to cling to the pillar by which I stood, and shun the living vortex.

'I may mention here that while rambling about the boat before night, I had encountered, as I was gazing carelessly at the machinery, a person who appeared to take an especial interest in the condition of the engine; and whose critical remarks thereon induced me to enter into conversation with him. I found him to be what is called a 'Nervous Man.' He was familiar not only with all the recent dreadful disasters, but knew all the important accidents to steam-boats which had occurred since the days of FULTON and FITCH, and was prone to go distressingly into detail on relating some favorite 'fatal calamity.' For fear of accidents in the dark he had turned into a lower berth, and forgot his fears for a time, only to have them confirmed by this dire alarm. He, and the sleeper in the bed just over him, awoke mutually astonished, at the same instant; but, as the latter endeavored to extricate himself from his narrow shelf, the boards that had hitherto sustained him gave way, and the timid man below received a shock from his falling neighbor, who was no 'light-weight,' that 'knocked the wind clear out of him.' Being quite near, I saw that the effect of that stunning stroke had convinced him that his worst fears were realized. Recovering breath, however, but not his presence of mind, he tumbled out, and precipitated himself forcibly upon those who were trying to make an exit by the stairs: then, as if suddenly remembering that he had obtained a life-preserver previous to retiring, he wildly groped back among the deserted berths; but being unable to find the invaluable India-rubber, he clutched frantically a pair of heavy boots and rejoined the scuffle, wherein he figured conspicuously, using them as a weapon with which to win his way to liberty and life!

'And now the remaining light, which had barely enabled me to see what had passed, was extinguished; and for some seconds the dismay and wild disorder were indescribable: then I heard voices of command and entreaty restraining those who had at length reached the deck. Presently the lights from above shed their rays over the tumultuous throng below; and I caught a glimpse of the motly group as they appeared before the restoration of order, and the explanation of the trifling circumstance which had produced such extreme terror. Clustered about the companion-ladder, vigorously striving for precedence in the ascent, and consequently retarding the flight of each other, the majority of men swayed to-and-fro: one moment some obtained a foot-hold upon it, only to be thrust off the next. Most of the multitude were destitute of some article of dress. One man, whose person was otherwise rather immodestly deficient in clothing, had secured his *hat*, to which he clung as to an ark of safety. Life-preservers hung promiscuously about the limbs of many, but they were not inflated; and, outside of the main body, irregular skirmishing was going on with a pugilistic ardor that would have been refreshing to a 'Rough.' The 'Nervous Man' had coincidentally found himself and his 'leathers' opposed by the 'heavy-one' who had previously nearly 'squelched' him;

and, as if in settlement of that 'old score,' was belaboring his antagonist soundly. Gradually, by dint of perseverance on the part of the officers, the mad party began to comprehend their ludicrous attitude; and many who had been particularly prominent actors slunk secretly back to their berths, and pretended, when subsequently questioned, to have preserved throughout perfect self-possession. Such as these affected to laugh at the affair as an 'excellent joke,' but their merriment was of a ghastly character, and their countenances told the true tale.

'And now there was a great demand for stimulants: the bar was opened, and as farther sleep was out of the question, every body determined to 'make a night of it.' Under the potent influence of 'strong waters,' the serious features of the fright melted away. In fact, a few went so far as to say that 'they rather *liked* an occasional 'scare' like this;' and even the 'Nervous Man,' as the boat rounded to at Long-Wharf, and he finished his last tumbler of whiskey-punch, declared that 'such occurrences were nothing when once one was used to them.'

Long finger-nails out of the question, it strikes us that a little of the imperturbable coolness of our friend of 'Aztec' memory, 'herein-before-mentioned,' would have supplied a decided desideratum in that frightened crowd of half-demented passengers.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We can say to 'J. W.,' our Jacksonville (Ill.) friend, that he cannot too frequently send us his brief screeds' (*Scottice*: see BURNS and SCOTT) too often, if they have the mingled playfulness and pathos of the '*Whiffs from my Meerschaum*,' a few of which are blown to our readers, 'as below:'

'I HAVE bought me a meerschaum. Pure snowy-white it is, with a polished silver band around the edge, and an ornamental cap. It is a genuine article too: I am confident that it is, for Mynheer HANS VAN KNOLLENBERGEN, the tobacconist of whom I bought it, pledged me his word as a Teuton, as a dealer in tobacco, and as a vender of pipes, that it was one of a stock surreptitiously imported (whence the extraordinarily low price) especially for their firm, by his partner in New-York. He also added that he had no motive for deceiving me, as he had sold the rest, all of which, he parenthetically remarked, had given abundant satisfaction, and this last one he had reserved for his own private smoking: but, as I was one of his best friends, (dearer even than the Prince of Wales, who had bought two of his handsomest pipes, and presented one of them to His Honor the Mayor,) as I had always patronized his establishment, and as I really seemed to desire some token of friendship from him, he was willing, as a personal favor to me, to part with the treasure in question for the trivial consideration of five dollars.

'Surprised and gratified by the astonishing liberality of my friend, I disbursed the requisite funds and departed with my prize.

'And now, sweet charmer, I press thee to my lips, and prepare to rob thee of thy virgin purity, and clothe thee in the russet robes of matronly dignity. Thou shalt be the solace of my toils and trials, the companion of my idle hours, the mother of many happy memories and shadowy day-dreams.

'Puff, puff! Well, this is comfortable, very; especially to one enjoying, as I do,

the luxurious appurtenances of bachelorhood; namely, a rousing hickory fire glowing from the honest open countenance of an old-fashioned FRANKLIN stove; a ragged study-gown that will not burst under the arms every time you stretch, for the simple reason that it has already 'gone its length' in that direction; feet emancipated from boots, and encased in ample slippers, etc. etc., which supplies all the little incidentals not herein mentioned.

'Puff, puff! As I said before, this is comfortable. I elevate the aforesaid slippers to the mantel-piece, dreading no objurgation for scratching the paint. Without the fear of a CAUDLE lecture on scented curtains, I raise clouds of incense from the fragrant 'BILLY BOWLEGS,' (not the mortal remains of the valiant Seminole, but a kind of tobacco bearing his name,) and people them with the fancies of my half-thinking, half-dreaming brain. Memories

— 'WHICH long ago,
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
In twilight depths away,'

come back from the shadowy 'lang syne,' and float around me in the smoke-clouds. The great land-marks of childhood, the first boots, the first pair of 'gallowses,' the broken China sugar-bowl, with the dire personal consequences resulting therefrom; the scarlet fever — all stand out in bold relief; while scattered among these are vague recollections of long summer days, with their warm cheerful sunshine; and then of dreary days in winter, when I stood by the window, watching the falling snow, and wondering where it came from, and whither it went when the warm sun shone out again. How it would whirl about through the air, and beat against the panes, as if trying to get in and enjoy the cheering warmth of the cosy 'family room.' I remember how my mother would call me, and take me upon her lap, when the household was assembled for evening devotions. How solemnly still every one sat, as grandfather 'found the place' in the old thumbed and time-worn BIBLE; and, in a low trembling voice, read some long genealogical chapter, full of harsh unpronounceable names. And then, laying aside the book, with a reverent 'Let us unite in prayer,' he would kneel and fervently raise his voice in thanks and supplication. As he would speak of some recent affliction in a neighbor's family, asking God to give them strength in their hour of trial; and prayed that I, an only child, might be spared to be a prop to my parents in their old age, I could feel my mother's hot tears dropping upon my cheek, and wondered why she should weep: little did I then know of the depth and all-absorbing power of a mother's love.

'God help the boy who has lost his mother while he is yet a child! He will have many a heavy burden, not only of childhood's petty troubles, (which indeed are as great and as important to him as those of manhood,) not of boyish sorrows alone, but many a weary load of care, which a mother's love could lighten; many a sickening grief and maddening disappointment which a mother's gentle voice could soothe. God help him! for he will need much help.

'And there was the ample fire-place, with its great blazing and crackling fire of hickory logs, before which I would sit on my little walnut stool, listening to the nurse, a meek faded old lady, with a snowy cap and dress of subdued drab — as she told me the wonderful story of little SAMUEL and the angel. I thought I must be very wicked, for no angel ever called for me, and if one had I was sure that I should be very much frightened, and hide my head under the bed-clothes. Then I would lay my head in Aunt HANNAH's lap, and, while she softly croned some old hymn, would gaze in the fire, wondering if better children than I, ever had angels call their names, and resolving to try to be good, so that they might call for me, till, made drowsy by the monotonous humming, I fell asleep and was carried off to bed.'

A TOWN-CORRESPONDENT, who expresses to us the 'great interest which he has taken in the varied and curious *'Epitaphs,'* which have recently appeared in our pages,' sends us the annexed:

'How seldom, with all the pomp and profusion of marble, do you come across a really good inscription upon a tomb-tablet or grave-stone! Some ridiculous blunder shall mar the whole: at one time in the record itself, and again in the poetry quoted or 'made.' Here, for example, is a *Business Epitaph* — a Company's tribute:

William B.,

SON OF

M. & I. F. HAYCOCK:

Born Jan'y 21st, 1850. Died Sept. 2d, 1852.

'This is mixing up business with family matters, something like DODD and DEMPSEY in LEVER's works. Subjoined is another of the same stamp:

Caroline A.,

WIFE OF D. A. RYERSE,

Daughter of Col.

C. & S. GILBERT.

Died Sept 24th, 1849. Aged 24 years.

'I have now something strange in the history of epitaphs to record for you. There is a story connected with the one which I give you below. It has the merit of brevity, at least. One night, about ten years ago, a medical student, one of the wildest of a wild class, left the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, before the end of the farce, to go home. Shortly after turning up into Ninth-street he came upon a thinly-clad female, making headway against a driving snow-storm, and sobbing piteously. In endeavoring, in answer to his questions to tell the cause of her sorrow, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, and would have fallen to the ground had she not been supported by a hackman who stood near by. A carriage was called, and the woman taken home, where she lingered in a very precarious state for upwards of two weeks. During this time the student was constantly at her bedside, when not at lectures. In good time he saw her convalesce. I would merely mention here, that the cause of her grief was meeting in the theatre her seducer, and being shunned by him. Poor girl! — it broke her heart.

'Two months had scarcely passed when the student himself was taken down; and it gradually became known that he had contracted that loathsome and contagious disease, the *Small-Pox*. When the fact was announced in his boarding-house, it was too late to remove him; and the house itself became suddenly empty; no one remaining but an old colored cook and a big student, who swore great oaths and drank bad whiskey.

'Two days after the house was so suddenly vacated there came a soft tap at the door, and in walked the female who, as I have mentioned, was braving the blast one cold night in Ninth-street. She laid down a satchel, took off her bonnet and shawl, and quietly settled into the position of nurse, much to the astonishment of the black woman. Yes; here the beautiful and frail one staid: for indeed she was beautiful; and many who walked Chestnut-street might have envied her her complexion — her eyes, her hair, accomplishments. Here she bent over the loathsome bed, though her white arm was unmarked by the charmed protection — *Vaccine*. For four long weeks her eyes scarcely knew rest; and her gentle voice soothed the sick one when he fretted, and read to him when he was still. The daily papers and the news of the city

she read and commented on: she chatted to him of literature and science; and when he could listen to music she played and sang to him, carolling some sweet ditty, learned in by-gone day. Poor Girl!

'Our student was rapidly getting well: and the people of the house were to venture back the next day: so she put on her bonnet, drew her shawl around her, and said, 'Now, HARRY, the people are coming back to-morrow; I have done my duty to you: good-by!' and stooping down, she kissed the student, and — was gone! Being encountered some time after, she refused every thing in the shape of presents, and even listened with reluctance to attested gratitude. 'I have but done my duty,' was her only reply.

The following winter she died. I was one of a party of one hundred students who paid our last sad tribute of respect to the beautiful girl. We 'laid her down to rest:' and a few weeks after, there was erected over her grave this tablet:

H I C J A C E T

One of the Fallen: By Name

Matty Hamilton.

She was a WOMAN: and by the Seductions of Man Fell.

SHE HAD A HEART: SHE DIED: AND GOD IS HER JUDGE.

'JESUS said unto her: 'Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?' She said: 'No man, LORD.' And JESUS said unto her: 'Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more.'

'On the foot-stone is this inscription:

THINK OF HER AS OF A WANDERER WHOSE HOME IS FOUND.

'I have visited the grave three times since. An old man, who lives near by, receives a yearly stipend to keep the grass shorn down, and every fortnight he places there a fresh offering of flowers. Sweet, gentle girl! She would have graced any society. The cold treatment of her family made her an outcast: her seducer deserted her, God was good to her, however, and took her away early: and one hundred as warm hearts as ever beat stood around her grave when the cold earth fell upon the coffin, and breathed a prayer for her soul's peace.'

'This last epitaph,' says our correspondent, after giving the *locale* of the others, 'is in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Many an old student will remember the girl. Not one who attended the funeral will ever forget a scene which took place when the first earth was falling upon the coffin. A BROTHER's heart melted at last, and we had to take up the coffin to permit him to look upon his beautiful sister's face once more.' - - - *A Christmas Story*, by our old correspondent, 'PAUL SIOGVOLK,' was received too late for insertion in the present number. It is secured for our next; with two excellent and interesting articles from J. T. HEADLEY, Esq., author of 'NAPOLEON and his Marshals,' 'WASHINGTON and his Generals,' etc.; and JAMES PARTON, Esq., author of the 'Life of AARON BURR,' 'Life of General JACKSON.' We think (in fact, we *know*) we can safely promise our readers an advance of interest in every succeeding issue of our Magazine. - - - SINCE the terrific *Battle between Big 'Boston' of the 'San Diego Herald' and John Phoenix, or 'Squibob,'* we do n't remember to have met with a more sanguinary engagement than the 'renconter' amberized in the lines which ensue. A lesson, moreover, is taught in the literary execution of the 'eventful narrative:' which is, that

what was thought by Mr. POE and his admirers to be a most 'difficult,' 'æsthetic,' and 'genius-marked' bit of rare, original, 'melodious' and 'rhythmical' versification, is after all a mechanical style, which is as 'easy as lying.' If you doubt, reader, perpend the following stanzas from the pen of our South-Western 'Union' correspondent who went so strong in a somewhat 'hazy' speech, lately in these pages, against dividing the old and young women of the 'States,' the 'stars and stripes,' and especially 'Yankee-Doodle'—'keeping the 'Doodle' in the North and sending the 'Yankee' to the South. His '*Prairie-Vulture*' is a more terrible bird, 'by a great sight,' than the blackest 'RAVEN' that ever croaked. Observe, an' it please you, that there is no elocution—no circumlocution. The poet plunges, *in medias res*, head-first into his subject:

'I was travelling o'er a prairie, on a rail-road, lone and 'wary,'
All unstrung and nearly crazy with the clatter and the roar:
While I muttered something faintly, came a visage far from saintly,
Peering sharply, leering quaintly through the glasses of the door:
'T is some luckless debtor running, or some eastern dunning bore—
One of these and nothing more.'

'T was the hottest day of August: sand was flying big as saw-dust,
And like snow in winter drifting, half-an-inch deep on the floor:
I was thinking of the screeching, of the wailing and beseeching,
And the fearful brimstone preaching of the old presiding bore—
Of musquito-music singing, with the dismal horrid snore
That I heard the night before.

'Then it seemed the Pass was lacking, for down 't should come a-whacking
On all 'hifalutin' noises, as old PLYMOUTH did of yore:
So that when the face came peering through the glass so quaintly leering,
And with contemptuous sneering, I said, 'Literary bore,
Or he runs some western weekly, and is always run ashore:
' This *he* is and nothing more.'

'To a vacant seat then going, (with a look so very knowing,
That his visage set me grinning,) and my hat a peering o'er;
Hair and beard so long and waving, never seemed to think of shaving,
Looked he like some ranting, raving free-love preacher travelling o'er
'All creation,' and deceiving good old grannies by the score,
With his 'fangled, lech'rous lore.

'Not the least attention paid he to gentleman or lady;
But to *me* abruptly turning, 'Surely, Sir, we've met before!
Yes, my dear Sir, as I told you, for a balance yet I hold you:
You remember once I sold you large extent of land and ore?
I was then in debt so deeply, that I sold you something lower:
'Here they lie all out of door.'

'Thunder-'n'-lightning! hold me level!—are you monster?—are you DEVIL?
Are *these 'ere* the lands you sold me?—where's the 'timber' and the 'ore?'
Then he p'inted outward, sneering, and into distance peering,
Said: 'I think we're *something* nearing, or a cloud now goes before:
May be woods, or land or water, or the prairie's sandy shore—
May be *sky* and nothing more.'

'Turned I to this man, hairy, 'Tell me,' said I, 'is there 'ary
Saw-log on this stupid prairie—log or stick two inches o'er?'
Then he looked so sad and saintly, and he shut one eye so quaintly,
He resembled (and not faintly) more the DEVIL than before:
'Mostly you have grass abundant—frogs and snakes and all out door;
These you 'll have for evermore.'

'Insult I could stand no longer: and I seized him, feeling stronger!
'Gainst his fist I put my 'sniff-ter,' and my head against the door:
Seemed the cars to be all smashing; through my head a thought was flashing,
I would give to him a thrashing: so I laid down on the floor:
In my mind then rose a query, as I lay there on the floor,
Shall I ever 'lick' him more?

'He before a Justice' rained me, and two whole days thus detained me :
 Justice ordered me to prison, 'peace' to keep for evermore :
 I procure for me as Bailor, to release me from the jailer,
 Such a limpsy, one-eyed Tailor as I never saw before :
 Now full fast I travel eastward—leaving Mississippi's shore :
 I 'go westward' nevermore!

T. H. U.

'Two hold him : one can hold me!' - - - A FRIEND writing from Millersburgh, (Ohio,) says : 'Seeing an article in *Vanity Fair*, entitled, '*Jenkins on the New Hippodrome*,' brought to mind the following incident: A few years since, a travelling circus was duly announced by flaming posters to exhibit in the town of R—, upon a certain day, and inviting all who wished to see the grandest Hippodrome in the world to be present. Among the attendants of the exhibition were SALLIE B—, and her husband HIRAM. SALLIE, in speaking of the 'show' to some of her acquaintances on the following day, characterized it as a 'cheat and an imposition.' 'HIRAM and me,' said she, 'went down to town, staid all day, paid our two shillings a piece to see the *Hippodrome*, and they never brought him out, and we did not get to see him at all! It's a downright shame to swindle people out of their money in that way!' — 'I see you devote a space occasionally to the 'smart' and funny sayings of the little ones. A friend of mine who has a little girl two years old, whose play-mates are a neighbor's little boys, known respectively as BILLY and ALLY, (BILLY being the elder, and considerably larger;) her father was one day showing her some pictures in an illustrated geography when he came to an Alligator. After telling her what it was, he turned to the next page, where was an Elephant. He asked her if she knew what *that* was. 'Yes, yes!' said she, 'that is a BILLY-gator!' And here is another: A little three-year old had been very anxious for a parasol. Her mother told her she was not old enough to have one. She came in one day, in early spring, from a walk, with her whole face radiant: 'Mamma,' said she, 'LIZZIE B— has got a parasol, and she is not one bit bigger than I am.' 'Oh! well,' said her mother, 'it is too cool now to need one; so we will say no more about it.' The animated flush faded: she sat looking very seriously for some time, when her mother asked her what she was thinking about? 'I was thinking,' said she sadly, 'if I should die and go to Heaven, whether I should need a parasol there, where it is always summer.' - - - '*Our Excellent Women of the Methodist Church, in England and America*,' is the simple title of a very elegant and excellent work, of large size, illustrated, and really 'embellished,' with fourteen fine engravings on steel, presenting for present recognition the 'representative women' in this large and always extending denomination. 'In the Church Militant,' says the editor, G. P. DISOSWAY, A.M., in his brief preface, 'Women have ever been preëminent in their numbers and character; the first to profess CHRIST, and the last to desert or disbelieve Him:' and he proceeds to establish this fact, as exemplified in one branch of the Christian Church, by citing the illustrious examples of 'Excellent Women,' who have adorned the Methodist persuasion; who were 'burning and shining lights' in their day, but who have passed away to the 'heavenly state,' leaving only the recollection of their virtues and piety behind them. We shall have more to say of this volume (which has awakened many an early memory in our mind) in our next number. The volume is beautifully printed, upon large clear types and fine

white paper, and very handsomely bound. It will be sold by subscription and by agents. The illustrations are fourteen in number, and embrace, among others, Mrs. JOHN WESLEY, and the Countess of HUNTINGTON, representing the 'Excellent Women' of England. - - - Our friend, 'F. P. L.,' of Nashville, (Tenn.,) tells a laughable story of an ambitious supernumerary, in one of the south-western theatres. He said to his manager one night, just before it became his turn to go upon the stage: 'I wish you would grant me a small favor: I've got tired of 'going on,' night after night, and saying nothing but 'My lord, your carriage awaits you.' I want you to let me add a few words: they shall be short, and I can make a p'int with 'em that will 'tell.' The good-natured manager, willing to humor the poor 'supe,' gave him the required permission, 'for one night only.' So when he made his customary appearance upon the scene, he delivered himself as follows: 'My lord, your carriage awaits you: in the mean time, allow me to observe, that a man who *strikes* a woman is below the convivialities of his sex, and notice of a human being!' Having interpolated this high-sounding speech into his text, he retired 'amidst prolonged applause!' - - - MR. N. HOFF had a shooting-match about Christmas at Wrightsville, Clinton county. He called attention to it in a poetical handbill, which closed with a new designation in Natural History:

'On the Twentieth day of December,
A shooting Match you must remember;
He will have, if he's not dead,
For you to shoot away your lead.

'Forty rods upon a bench
He'll set a TURKEY from the fence;
If your ball the turkey bleeds,
The turkey is yours for the deed.

'Now all those that wish to come,
Do n't forget to fetch a gun;
For the day will pass away,
Then at night you can play.

'Now I want to say a word,
The TURKEY is a *pretty* bird;
And if you all the turkeys kill,
Then don't forget to pay the bill.'

The turkey may be a 'pretty' bird, but as the 'huge feeder' remarked, he is open to one serious objection: he is 'too much for *one*, and not enough for *two*!' That makes it bad! - - - 'PAUL BERNOU,' writing to us from '*Up in the Pines*,' a locality which he has taught us, in common with our readers, to regard with interest, speaks as follows, in a late brief note to the EDITOR, touching the faithful KNICKERBOCKER coadjutor, whose demise we recently announced: 'Permit a word from 'far away,' to the memory of THOMAS Q. LANE. Although I have never exchanged a dozen words with him, I had taken a liking to his ingenuous face; and I was shocked when I read your announcement of his death. All who had occasion to visit the town-sanctum must have noticed his pleasant though sad countenance, and felt that in him you had a faithful follower and an attached friend. The prompt and ready manner with which he answered all inquiries in the absence of the Editor, and the pains which he took to obtain and impart all needed information, testified to his quick intelligence and his devotion to the interests of the Magazine.

There are men — 'some,' not many — who are so imbued with honesty, that it 'crops out' in every look and lineament: THOMAS Q. LANE was one of this class. The world is poorer in honesty since his death.' A well-deserved tribute from a comparative stranger. - - - A NOTE from a once-little girl, written from her first boarding-school, (some of our readers have heard of 'Little JOSE,') saddens us 'a bit' to-night, as we recall the 'days that were,' and only so little while ago! Her once 'small presence' is with us in our warm sanctum on this cold wintry night: and a 'weird, stormy night' it is, truly:

'THE rude wintry winds
Wildly rave round our dwelling,
And the roar of the flood
On the night-breeze is swelling.'

Many little winning ways, and much innocent childish prattle are here, however; 'nor will they hence depart.' 'There is but one step,' says ERNEST LEGOUVE, 'from adolescence to maidenhood. With young women, as with plants in May, every hour is as a day, every day as a month: so full of life are they — so quick to develop. Nature at such times makes no slow and invisible advances: in one night a shrub, that scarcely budded yesterday, is covered with leaves and flowers. In barely one season, under your very eyes, the child becomes a young woman, the young woman is betrothed, affianced. What father does not feel himself possessed by mingled astonishment, pride, and fear at this transformation, which every day shows him in his daughter a new being, changing his affection into a species of respectful regard, and afflicting him with sadness, by compelling him to reflect that the moment of separation is rapidly approaching — that it has even come.' Fathers and mothers will appreciate this. - - - MR. ELKANAH DEMOCRITUS GIBSON, Esq., the barber, who gives his 'confessions' and ventilates his literary aspirations in the *New-York Saturday Press*, reminds us of a *Barber's Criticism* which our old tonsorial chief, JIM GRANT, (who so soon raised high his 'pile' in California,) once made upon Mr. LONGFELLOW's 'Village Blacksmith,' with the manuscript of which we were on our way to the printing-office:

'His hair is crisp, and black and long,
His face is like the tan,' etc.

'That's wrong,' said JIM: '*crisp* hair aint *long*: I should say:

'His hair is crisp, and black and *strong*.'

and I guess that's the hair he meant.' It was 'borne in upon our mind, as Friends say, that our popular poet had availed of the hirsute criticism: but in all late editions we find the 'original reading' retained. - - - 'H. S. M.' is an active hotel-clerk, in one of our prominent metropolitan hotels: vast caravansaries, many of them, which like Capt'n ED'ARD CUTTLE's watch, are 'excelled by few, and eq'alled by none,' in any portion of the 'globéd airth.' He sends us the subjoined, (in a kindly note, which is both appreciated and reciprocated,) as 'being *nearly* as good as the 'Dutch-English Letter,' in our December number.' In his position, as hotel-clerk, he tells us that he has occasion to look over not a few similar letters and petitions every day. This is the '*Petitionary Epistle*.'

'THIS young man seems to be worth to help him a little along: he comes just from the hospital, and he wishes to see his friends at Pittsburgh. So much as I know him, he has a good character, and he comes from a respectfully family. I hope that he used any thing for helping him along in the best manner.' (Signed) 'I. S.'